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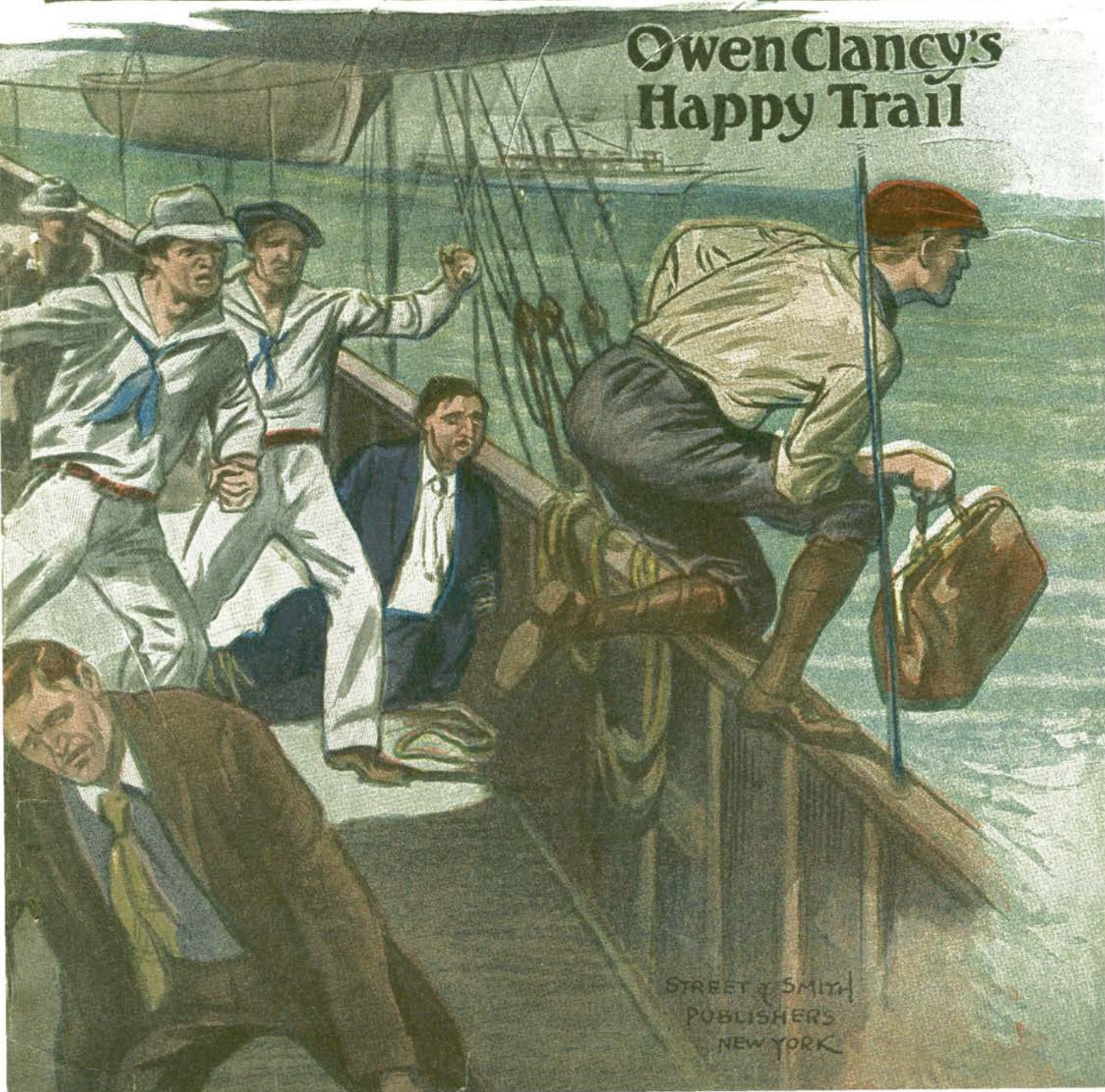
NEW TIP TOP WEEKLY

An Ideal Publication for the American Youth

No. 87

5 Cts.

Owen Clancy's
Happy Trail



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TIP TOP WEEKLY

An Ideal Publication For The American Youth

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No. 87.

NEW YORK, March 28, 1914.

Price Five Cents.

OWEN CLANCY'S HAPPY TRAIL; Or, THE MOTOR WIZARD IN CALIFORNIA.

By BURT L. STANDISH.

CHAPTER I.

ALMOST A RIOT.

No, it was not an earthquake that happened in the city of Los Angeles, California, on that beautiful sunshiny morning. It was just a tow-headed, cross-eyed youth shaking things up at the corner of Sixth and Main in an attempt to find his father.

And not one corner of the cross streets was involved, but all four corners. The upheaval that followed this search for a missing relative extended in several directions, so that a very small cause led up to remarkably large results.

It was nine o'clock of a Saturday morning. That Saturday was some sort of a festal day for the Chinese, and at the hour mentioned, a dragon a block long, consisting of a hundred Celestials covered with papier-mâché, was twisting and writhing along Sixth Street.

On one corner, leaning against the side of a building, was a tall man in seedy clothes. A card on his breast bore the sad legend, "Help the Blind." The man's eyes were covered with large blue goggles, and in one hand he held his hat, and in the other a couple of dozen cheap lead pencils.

Across the street, on corner number two, was an Italian with a hand organ. The Italian's assistant was a monkey in a red cap.

Corner number three, among others, held a grocer's boy, carrying a basket with six dozens of eggs. He was very much absorbed in watching the Chinese dragon wriggle along the thoroughfare.

The fourth corner was reserved for Hiram Hill, the tow-headed, cross-eyed chap who was destined to cause all the commotion. While Hill stood on the walk, telling himself that the gaudily painted dragon looked very much

like an overgrown centipede, he suddenly caught sight of a man in an automobile.

The auto was headed along Main Street, and was waiting for the dragon to clear the way so it could proceed. Hill looked at the machine across the papier-mâché spine of the chink monster, and he gave a yell of surprise when his gaze took account of the one man in the tonneau of the car.

Undoubtedly that man was Hiram Hill's father—the parent who had been mysteriously missing ever since the first Klondike gold rush! Hiram's eyes were sharp, and to them the beetling brow, the one "squint eye," the very pronounced Roman nose, and the retreating chin which made the face resemble a bird's beak, were all very plain.

After that first yell of surprise, Hiram's astonishing good luck held him speechless. Following a year of a trying town-to-town canvas of the whole Southwest, he had at last come within hailing distance of his long-lost parent.

Only one point remained to make assurance doubly sure. Had the "suspect" a brown mole on the back of his neck? Sharp as Hill's eyes were, they could not determine that.

"Who wants a pencil?" came feebly from the hapless person on the first corner. "Help the blind."

"Jocko," said the son of sunny Italy, on corner two, "maka da bow, taka da mon!"

The monkey lifted his hat and went through motions that passed for a bow. He also looked at his master and showed his teeth, not relishing the way his chain had been pulled.

"Pipe de chink wid de pigeon toes and de bow legs!" yelled the grocer's boy. "If he's goin' de way dem feet are pointed, foist t'ing yous know he'll be runnin' into himself."

The boy with the basket of eggs was very observing. As he shouted his remarks he leveled a finger at a pair of coolie legs supporting one of the vertebrae of the passing dragon. The legs were badly sprung at the knees, but they ended in feet which the Chinaman had to step over as he walked.

"Dad!" whooped Hiram Hill; "I say, dad!"

Hiram recovered his speech, and all at once became as active as a swarm of bees after some one has kicked over the hive. He wanted to get to that automobile and give his father a filial embrace—and he was in a hurry. The Chinese dragon was in the way, but Hiram didn't mind a little thing like that.

He jumped at the papier-mâché thing and hit it in the vicinity of the bow-legged Chinaman. That particular chink went down, and the dragon was broken squarely in two, midway of its length.

Now, a papier-mâché dragon is a sort of a blind-follow-my-leader affair. The Chinaman at the head is the only one in the procession who can see where he is going, and the remaining sections of the monster hang onto him and follow his lead.

The rear half of the dragon got lost, and went groping wildly for the front half. Somehow or other, it ran into the crowd on the corner, and there was a mix-up in which three dollars' worth of eggs were badly scrambled.

The last section of the front half, missing the part behind, began swinging back and forth across the street in an attempt to find the lost tail. It carromed into corner number two, smashing one perfectly good hand organ, freeing an excited monkey, and drawing forth a volley of lurid words from the Italian.

Jocko ran across the street, and began climbing the tall man who was selling lead pencils. With a roar of consternation, the tall man rushed into the street, flourishing his arms, and begging some one—any one—to "Take it away! Take it away!" He finally collided with the head end of the dragon, demoralizing that half of the chink procession as completely as the latter half had been.

By that time, Sixth and Main was in a turmoil. The dragon had broken up in a hundred parts, like a jointed snake, and each part was thrashing around blindly, trying to get rid of its papier-mâché so it could see where it was and what it was doing.

From the four corners the crowd flowed into the street. Eggs, entirely whole or only slightly cracked, flew from mischievous hands over heaving heads, only to smash against some particularly inviting mark.

The monkey leaped from one pair of shoulders to another, chattering wildly. In course of time, he reached the automobile, landed in a heap on the bosom of the beetle-browed, Roman-nosed passenger in the tonneau, and encircling him with his hairy arms. The beetle-browed man got up and fought for his freedom, clamoring furiously for "Police! police!"

Just at that moment, the only policeman in that vicinity was at the patrol box, sending in a riot call. Meanwhile, Hiram Hill was having his own share of troubles.

The bow-legged Chinaman had slipped out of his papier-mâché shell. He did not know, of course, that Hill was the one who had knocked his section of the dragon out of line, but the instant he was able to look around, he saw Hill, and immediately selected him as a suitable object for hostility.

The chink did not step on himself, nor in any way interfere with his progress in going for Hiram. He hit Hiram so hard over the head with the piece of dragon that he knocked a hole in the papier-mâché, and, just as Hiram freed himself of the encumbrance, and straightened up to get his bearings and swoop down on his assailant, an egg smashed in his face and effectually blinded him.

A hollow murmur sounded in Hiram's ears, like the roar of the sea. He was picked up on the troubled waters of the mêlée, and borne back and forth in the surging tide. At last he slammed into something and fell, limp and dazed, to the ground.

He drew his sleeve across his eyes, thus freeing them for clearer vision. To his joy and wonder, he found that destiny had hurled him against the side of the automobile he had been trying to reach.

Jocko had jumped from the shoulders of the passenger in the tonneau, and the passenger was still on his feet and had his back toward Hiram. The latter, boiling over with filial sentiments, climbed up on the running board and encircled the beetle-browed man in a fond embrace.

"Dad!" clamored Hiram excitedly; "don't you know me?"

"Get off! get off!" roared the man, going at once into a flurry. "Whose monkey is this, anyway? Police! Police!"

The man, naturally, was in a highly excited state of mind and thought the simian was upon him again. Just then, the driver of the machine found a cleared space ahead and started for it. He started so quickly that Hiram was thrown from the running board, dropped to the hard pavement, and there stumbled against and fallen over by the jostling mob.

This rough usage was more than Hiram could stand. The senses were being knocked out of him by swift degrees. He felt his wits going, and he made a frantic attempt to stay them as they drifted away. The attempt was useless, however, and a great darkness suddenly descended upon Hiram and closed him in.

When he regained his senses, he was lying on a bench in a drug store. A clerk was holding a handkerchief, saturated with a drug of some kind, to his nostrils, and a bluecoat was standing near, twirling his club and looking down at Hiram speculatively.

"Question is," said the policeman, "what is he doing with two hats?"

"That's more than I can tell you, officer," answered the clerk. "Ah, he's coming to!"

Hiram sat up on the bench and pushed aside the drug-soaked handkerchief. "Dad!" he murmured confusedly.

"I'm not your dad," said the officer. "I'm just the fellow who pulled you out of the crowd. Where'd you get that hat?"

Hiram looked down. His own hat was on his head and had, in some manner, remained with him throughout all the excitement, but in his hand he was clutching, like grim death, a battered black Stetson.

Turning the hat over, Hiram looked into the crown. The gilt letters, "U. H." met his eyes.

"It's dad's hat," he gurgled. "Upton Hill, that's his name! I knew I had a bean on the right number! I—I—"

A bit of white showed under the sweatband. Westerners, of a certain type, sometimes carry important documents under the sweatbands of their hats. Hiram pulled

this object out of the Stetson, examined it, and then inquired his way to the nearest telegraph office. Five minutes later he had sent the following telegram:

"OWEN CLANCY, the Motor Wizard, Phoenix, Arizona: Hot on the trail. You said you would help me find dad. Come to Los Angeles at once and get busy. Meet me Renfrew House.
HIRAM."

"This here's a great day for me," murmured Hiram, rubbing his bruises as he turned away from the operator's window. "I reckon that'll fetch Clancy, if he's well enough to come. Him and me can run out this happy trail together, with ground to spare. That red-headed wizard has got more sense in a minute than I have in a year, and I reckon we'll get along. He's a good feller to tie to, in a time like this."

CHAPTER II.

CLANCY HITS THE "HAPPY TRAIL."

"How's the shoulder, Clancy?" Doctor Ferguson asked, as the young motor wizard walked into his office.

"I know it belongs to me," was the smiling reply, "every time I make a move, but I guess it's coming along all right at that, doc."

"No reason why it shouldn't. You're as tough as a piece of whalebone, and a little nick like that can't put you on the retired list. Sit down here—I've got a few words to say to you."

The doctor indicated a chair close to his desk, and then sank back in his own seat with the air of one who is about to say something weighty and important.

"Don't you try to scare me about anything, doc," said Clancy apprehensively, as he slid into the chair.

"Tush!" and the physician wagged his head. "You haven't got sense enough to be scared at anything. That's the main trouble with you. It's two weeks since you went to Wickenburg and got in front of that bullet. We kept you in bed for a week, and now you have been on your feet for another week. So far as the wound is concerned, Clancy, you are all right, but so far as something else is concerned, you are all wrong." Ferguson's eyes narrowed and he leveled a forefinger at his patient. "What happened, up there at Wickenburg?" he demanded.

"What happened?" repeated Clancy. "Why, you just spoke of that. I got in front of a bullet."

"Stop trying to play horse with me!" went on the doctor sourly. "Something took place between you and your partner, Lafe Wynn, at Wickenburg, and I want to know what it was."

Clancy stiffened.

"That's a personal matter, Doctor Ferguson," he answered, "and I don't have to explain it to anybody."

"Well, you needn't get hot about it. There's something on your mind, and it's holding back your complete recovery. I'm asking questions and talking from the standpoint of your physician. If I knew the nature of the thing that bothered you, very possibly I could take means to counteract it."

Clancy was impressed by Ferguson's shrewdness. Yet he had no intention of revealing the cause of his secret worry.

How could he tell Ferguson, or anybody else, what really happened at Wickenburg? Only two or three people knew that Lafe Wynn had forged Clancy's name to a

check and had absconded with that money, and with all the cash assets of the firm of Clancy & Wynn. Only two or three knew how Clancy had trailed Wynn to Wickenburg and had sent him back to Phoenix to take charge of the Square-deal Garage, as usual, while he—Clancy—was in bed in the other town for a week.

Apparently all was the same as it ever had been between the two partners. In this instance, however, surface indications were not to be trusted.

Clancy's confidence in Wynn had been rudely shattered. The motor wizard had spared his partner—had been generous with him, in fact, far beyond his deserts. This was not particularly on Wynn's account, but on account of Wynn's mother, an old lady who had come to Phoenix on the very day Wynn had absconded.

Mrs. Wynn, proud of the business success her son had made, had come to him so that he might make her a home in her declining years. Clancy had not the heart to tell the old lady the exact situation, and he had gone to Wickenburg to get Lafe and make him return to Phoenix.

Wynn knew that Clancy had spared him on his mother's account. This knowledge caused a restraint between the two partners, all the greater because Wynn's forgery and defalcation had wiped out all the cash assets of Clancy and the firm—some fifteen thousand dollars which had not been recovered.

Clancy would not tell all this to any one, for fear it might reach Mrs. Wynn. And he was anxious that Wynn should have another chance, without letting the one error of an otherwise blameless life weigh in the scales against him.

"I'll get along, doctor," observed Clancy. "I'll bet all the fretting I do won't land on me so hard you can notice it."

"Confound it," burst out the doctor, "I do notice it! You've got to get away from things for a while. Take the Happy Trail, Clancy, and run it out. I reckon you can afford it—after the way you held up that street-car company."

"Happy Trail?" echoed Clancy; "what's that?"

"It's the carefree road of pure and unadulterated joy," explained Ferguson solemnly. "It takes you out of yourself, gives you new scenes and experiences, and finally you wake up feeling better than you ever felt before in your life."

"Lead me to it!" said Clancy.

"I wish I could," was the answer, "but I can't. A Happy Trail for you might be a mighty miserable one for me, and vice versa. You'll have to find it for yourself, Clancy, but when you do find it, hit it hard!"

"That's a fine prescription—I don't think," laughed Clancy, getting up to leave. "You tell me what I must do, but don't tell me how I'm to do it."

"I'm as frank with you as you are with me," growled Ferguson. "Good-by!"

Clancy got back to the Square-deal Garage to find the whole force of employees moving the repair shop over to the garage known as the Red Star.

In order to keep Rockwell, of the Red Star, from driving the Square-deal place out of business, Clancy had been forced to buy the building and lot that housed the establishment belonging to him and Wynn. He had consummated this deal for ten thousand dollars, paying three thousand dollars down and getting time on the balance at seven per cent. And the mortgage had come due just

before Wynn had absconded with all the cash resources. A stroke of luck alone had saved Clancy.

The street-car company had suddenly developed a need for the property he had bought. Judge Pembroke, a friend of Clancy's, did the negotiating, with the result that the premises sold for twenty thousand dollars.

The judge, knowing that Clancy & Wynn would have to move and must have some place to go, had secured an option on the Red-star establishment for four thousand dollars. So Clancy had financed the tottering affairs of Clancy & Wynn, had bought Rockwell's old place, and the transfer was in progress.

Lafe Wynn was overseeing the removal. When Clancy entered the garage, Lafe turned abruptly on his heel and walked into the office. Clancy followed him.

"What's the matter with you, Lafe?" inquired Clancy. "Why do you take pains to avoid me, all the time? We can't get along like that—and remain partners."

A look of suffering filled Wynn's face.

"Owen," said he, with an effort, "every time I look at you I think of what I am—a thief and a forger, only saved from the penitentiary by your generosity. It isn't a pleasant thought for a man who wants to be independent. If I could undo the wrong I did you—if I could—"

"You can—some time," said Clancy. "After you are able, you can pay me back my just proportion of that fifteen thousand."

"After I am able!" murmured Lafe sarcastically. "That will be a matter of years, Owen. I can't feel like this for years without going crazy. If I could find my rascally brother, Gerald, I—I might induce him to give back the money."

"Never," returned the motor wizard shortly. "Your brother Gerald has probably got rid of the money by this time. There were two to help him spend it, remember—Bob Katz and Hank Burton. Those three would make it fly."

There were extenuating circumstances about what Lafe Wynn had done. The extenuating circumstances were wrapped up in his unscrupulous brother. Gerald had told Lafe a pretty fiction about needing money to save him from dishonor—and Lafe had covered himself with dishonor in order to help Gerald. No sooner had Lafe secured the money than he and his two cronies had taken it and made good their escape. This was when Clancy had been wounded. At the time, he was seeking to help Lafe save the fifteen thousand dollars.

"I have got to make that loss up to you somehow," muttered Lafe, "and I've got to do it soon. My conscience will send me to a madhouse, if I don't."

Clancy studied his partner curiously for a few moments.

"Lafe," he went on presently, "you and I have got to get away from each other for a while. We are simply millstones around each other's neck. You can't look at me without thinking you owe me the biggest part of fifteen thousand dollars, and I can't look at you without thinking how you betrayed my confidence."

"You can get rid of me, Owen, in about two shakes," said Wynn. "Kick me out. I haven't any right to be one of the firm, anyhow."

The motor wizard shook his head.

"You've got to hang on and make good in the place where you lost out," Clancy returned. "You've got to do this for the sake of your mother, who thinks so much

of you. We've got to allow a little time, you know, for us to get back on our old footing. I need a change. Ferguson says so, and I have a feeling that he knows what he is talking about. I—"

A boy came into the office that moment with a telegram. He knew the motor wizard by sight, and went directly to him.

"This is for you, Mr. Clancy," said he.

Clancy signed for the message, tore it open, read the contents, and laughed.

"By thunder," he cried, "here's just the thing!"

"What do you mean?" asked Wynn.

"It's a hurry-up call from Hiram Hill. You remember Hiram?"

Wynn winced. "Yes," said he, "I remember Hiram Hill quite vividly."

"He left Phoenix for the coast several weeks ago, carrying on his search for his father. I always thought that search of Hiram's was more or less of a joke—and I haven't any positive information yet that it isn't—but here's a message asking me to come to Los Angeles at once. Hiram says that he is 'hot on the trail,' and that I promised him to help him find his father—which is true."

Clancy arose with sudden determination in his voice and manner.

"Wynn," he continued, "I'm going to leave you here to get Clancy & Wynn started in the old Rockwell garage. It will give you plenty to occupy your mind. While you're hard at it, I'm going to soldier and have a good time. Here's where I hit the Happy Trail!"

"What in the deuce is the Happy Trail?" queried Wynn.

"Ferguson will tell you about it. I'm going with Hiram on a wild-goose chase, and I'm hoping to have some fun. When I come back, old man, I want you to be feeling differently, and I expect to be feeling differently myself. This afternoon I am starting for the Pacific coast, and if Hiram and I, between us, can't stir up a few thrills, and corral a little enjoyment, then I've got another guess coming. Lafe, I'm for the Happy Trail, and I'm going to hit it hard!"

CHAPTER III.

HATCHING A PLOT.

"Say, fellows, here's a how-de-do, and no mistake! You ought to have been at the corner of Sixth and Main about two hours ago. You'd have seen something that would have made a horse laugh—but there's something back of it that isn't so thundering funny, at that."

Gerald Wynn could smoke a cigarette and talk at the same time. He burst into the room in the cheap boarding house, where he and his friends had taken up their headquarters, and eased himself of the foregoing remarks.

Hank Burton and Bob Katz sat at a table playing cards. There were a bottle and two glasses on the table. Katz was smoking a pipe and Burton a cigar.

"Hanged if I care a hoot about anything, just now, but annexing a little kale," said Burton, turning in his chair to look at Gerald with a scowl. "Here I haven't a sou in my jeans, and I've got as much right to that fifteen thousand as you or Katz have, Wynn. Fork over a hundred! I'm tired of bein' broke."

"Nary, I don't fork!" Wynn answered positively. "You know what we're going to do with this money, Hank, and

you know that if we start to break into it the whole will go and we'll be up a spout on this Tia Juana business."

"Blast the Tia Juana business! A bird in the hand beats a whole flock in the bush! Give me my share now, Gerald, and you and Bob can do what you blamed please with your own part of the swag."

"That won't go!" spoke up Katz. "The share we want in that gamblin' layout below the border will take all the fifteen thousand. You agreed to go inter it, Hank. Don't crawfish now!"

"I want somethin' to jingle in my pocket!" barked Burton.

"Take a couple o' nails," suggested Katz.

"I allow it's right funny to you," continued Burton sourly, "but it ain't pleasant to go around with nary a red in your pants."

"I'm paying your expenses, Hank," put in Gerald. "Staked to your three squares, your smoking and your travel pay, I don't see what more you need. If this Tia Juana scheme works out, we'll all of us get rich."

"I want a little loose cash now," cried Burton.

"Go out and work for it, then," said Gerald, out of patience. "If we put anything into the Tia Juana game it's got to be fifteen thousand, and I'd be mighty foolish to give you money out of our capital."

"Give it to me out of your own pocket if you don't want to give me any of the capital!"

"I've got just enough to get us to Catalina where we're to see Jack Lopez and clean up the Tia Juana business. Why don't you do a little something on the side, Hank? You're a champion swimmer—go to some natatorium and give swimming lessons. That would be easy money."

"Gammon!" snorted Burton.

In a fit of anger he jumped to his feet, and he would have left the room, but Gerald stood in front of the door and barred the way.

"Now, don't get ugly!" said Gerald. "I've got something to tell you that's mighty interesting. I think, fellows, that we have been trailed from Phoenix!"

That was more than interesting. Burton's flash of temper left him at once, and he and Katz showed their apprehension.

"Who trailed us?" demanded Katz.

"That cross-eyed, tow-headed freak, Hiram Hill."

"How do you know he trailed us?" asked Burton.

"Well, he's in Los Angeles. It isn't a happenchance that we're here at the same time."

"When did you see Hill?" went on Katz.

"About two hours ago, at the corner of Sixth and Main. He—he—" Gerald paused to laugh.

"I don't see anythin' humorous in this layout!" grunted Burton. "If we've been trailed to Los we'd better be diggin' out instead of enjoyin' the situation."

"What's funny about it, Gerald?" asked Katz.

"There was a chink dragon going down the street—you know the kind—a dragon in sections, with a yellow boy under each section. Well, I was watching the procession when I heard some one yell 'Dad!' in a voice that sounded pretty familiar. The next minute, who but Hiram Hill knocked a hole in that chink snake. He was trying to get to a man who sat in an automobile on the other side of the street. In about two seconds there was the biggest kind of a rough-house. I kept out of it, and saw Hiram get to the automobile and begin hugging the

chap in the tonneau. The fellow in the car didn't like it, and the driver started up and Hill was left behind.

"The crowd rolled over the place where Hill was lying, and I saw him picked up by a couple of policemen and carried to a drug store. Naturally, I was in a good deal of a taking, not knowing but Hill had been following me, see? Well, I waited till he came out of the drug store, then I camped on his trail for a while. He went to a telegraph office and sent a telegram—"

"Who did he send it to?" cut in Burton apprehensively.

"What do I know about that? You don't think I was foolish enough to go close and try to get a line on what Hill was writing, do you? Well, after he left the telegraph office he went to the Renfrew House. I reckon that's where he stays."

"I don't like this a little bit," commented Katz. "I allow we'd better duck—and do it pronto. If Hill is really trailin' us, maybe he has sent a telegraft message to the sheriff, back in Phoenix. We got to look sharp, Gerald, or we'll be pinched."

"That's my motion, Bob," said Burton. "Hanged if this Hill business hasn't got me on the run."

"Don't fret," continued Gerald reassuringly. "I've hatched a plot that will take care of Hill, all right."

"Plot?" said Burton. "What sort of a plot?"

"Listen, Hank. You know about this Hill. I've told you and Bob how he's got a fool bee in his bonnet, and is running around the Southwest looking for his father. The old man—judging from his photograph, which Hill totes around in his pocket—is a bigger freak than Hiram is. He's got a beak like a pelican, and is, homely enough to stop a clock."

"You know plenty about Hill and his hunt for his dad," returned Burton. "You flimflammed Hill out of five hundred by offering to take him across the Mexican boundary and showing him where his father could be found," said Burton, with a laugh. "But you got the money, and Hill got the experience," he added.

"Which," said Gerald calmly, "is mainly the reason why Hill is trying to get even with me. I know enough about Hill's father, though, to put over a scheme that will get this cross-eyed buttinsky off our track."

"What's the scheme?" inquired Katz.

"It hinges on this point, that Hiram Hill would rather find his father than get even with me for that 'con' game I worked on him. I'm going to write Hiram a letter, Bob, and send it to him at the Renfrew House."

"What sort of a letter?" put in Burton.

"I'm going to sign the name of his father, Upton Hill, to the thing, and play up that incident at Sixth and Main pretty strong. Where's that pen and ink, Hank? and give me a sheet of paper and envelope."

While his companions got the writing materials, Gerald seated himself at a table and began getting his thoughts busy. By the time pen, ink, and paper were put in front of him, he had his letter mapped out in his mind, and had only to put it upon paper.

"Won't Hiram know that the letter isn't in his dad's handwritin'?" suggested Katz.

"I reckon he won't," answered Gerald craftily, leaning back in his chair with the letter in his hand. "It's been some sort of a while, Bob, since the first Klondike rush, when old 'Up' Hill disappeared. It isn't likely that Hiram remembers anything about his father's handwriting. Here's what the letter says:

"DEAR SON: Was it really you who jumped aboard my automobile at the corner of Sixth and Main this morning? My conscience has been troubling me ever since. I have hunted up the policeman and secured from him your name and address, but am in a hurry to get back to San Diego, where I live, and cannot remain in Los Angeles to prosecute a personal search for you. If you are really my son, come to San Diego, make my house at eighteen-twenty Q Street your home, and I will ask you certain questions whose answers will prove indisputably whether or not you are my son. I must have the proof, you know, because I am a very rich man, and you, as my sole relative, will inherit everything I leave. Hoping to see you in San Diego at your earliest convenience, I remain, yours expectantly,
"UPTON HILL."

Gerald dropped the letter on the table, and looked up at his friends with a guileful smile.

"How's that for a bait?" he asked.

"Bully!" declared Katz. "Hiram Hill will tumble all over himself to go to San Diego."

"What'll happen when he can't find any Upton Hill in San Diego?" said Burton.

"We don't care what happens—then," answered Gerald. "By that time, you know, we ought to have finished our deal with Jack Lopez, and to be away from Catalina, and where Hill will never be able to find us."

"How do you know he gave his name and address to a policeman?" continued Burton.

"That's what people always do when they get into trouble on the street, or meet with an accident, isn't it?"

"Maybe it is, but if it happens that Hill didn't give his name and address to the cop, the fact will queer that whole letter."

"I allow Hank is right, Gerald," chimed in Katz. "This here is one of them cases where you can't be too careful. Reckon I'd write another letter and change that."

"It's not necessary," insisted Gerald. "Hill was stunned. If he can't remember giving his name and address to the policeman, he'll think he did it at a time when he didn't know what he was doing. The letter goes as I have written it."

Gerald began addressing the envelope. Both the sheet of paper and the envelope were plain, and bore no clew of the hotel in which they had been written.

The letter was folded, thrust into the envelope, and the envelope sealed and stamped.

"It's dinner time, fellows," announced Gerald, "and we'll post this on our way to the noon eats. Come on."

They all got up and left the room.

"When do we hike for the island, Gerald?" asked Katz, as they went downstairs.

"We'll pull out for San Pedro to-morrow, and catch the morning boat," was the reply. "We want to wind up our business with Lopez and clear out before Hill discovers that letter is a fake and gets back from San Diego. We can turn the trick with ground to spare—don't fret about that."

CHAPTER IV.

CLANCY REACHES LOS ANGELES.

The Renfrew House was a very modest hostelry in South Hill Street. Hiram stopped there because the establishment was in Hill Street, and he believed in omens. In-

cidentally, too, he preferred the Renfrew to the Alexandria or the Hayward because the rates on the American plan were two dollars a day.

It was about eleven o'clock Monday morning when Clancy entered the lobby of the Renfrew House. The lobby was crowded, bell hops were hustling back and forth, and the place was as busy as a high-class establishment.

Clancy stood at the counter, caught the clerk's eye, and asked for Hiram Hill. The clerk, who had curly hair, and parted it squarely in the middle, forthwith gave the newcomer his full and complete attention.

"You a friend of that guy's?" the clerk asked.

"Yes," acknowledged Clancy.

"Then I'm mighty glad you showed up."

"Why?"

"Well, I think he's locoed and needs a keeper. About every day he does some fool thing."

Clancy grinned.

"What has he done to-day?"

"Nothing yet, but he's due to break out 'most any minute. You wait around a spell and you'll—"

The clerk was interrupted by a wild whoop of "Dad! here's Hiram!" Clancy looked in the direction from which the yell came and saw a little group of people heaving around the lobby in excitement.

"That's him, now!" cried the clerk. "What did I tell you?"

The motor wizard hurried toward the scene of the commotion. He found a fat man pounding a dent out of the crown of a shabby silk hat, and mumbling wrathfully.

"Get an officer!" shouted the fat man. "I don't know but I'm robbed!"

Hiram Hill stood in front of the aggrieved gentleman, stood and stared at him blankly.

"I—I thought you was my dad," murmured Hiram.

"Your dad?" repeated the fat man, glaring. "You ought to be arrested for that, anyhow. I refuse to be insulted, by gorry! What's your name, anyhow?"

The fat man was feeling about his person, making sure that his watch, pocketbook, and other person property were safe.

"That mole on the back of your neck," explained Hiram, "was what caused me to make the bobble."

"Well," snorted the fat man, walking off, "don't make any more bobbles around me, or there'll be trouble. It's my opinion that you're crazy."

The crowd set up a laugh. Clancy elbowed his way to Hill's side and took him by the hand.

"Howdy, Hiram?" said he.

"Clancy!" exclaimed Hill. "Say, the sight of you is good for sore eyes! I just been hankerin' for a friend."

"You need a guarden more'n a friend," remarked some one.

Hill began to bristle and to look around in search of the one who had spoken. Clancy grabbed his arm, and drew him away down the lobby to a couple of leather chairs.

"What's the matter with you, Hiram?" the motor wizard asked.

"I reckon my nerves have got twisted, Clancy," Hill answered. "I'm all in a twitter, seems like. Ever since I piped off dad in that automobile last Saturday mornin' I haven't been able to look around without seein' some un I think's him. Queer, ain't it? I'm all flustered."

"Better put the clamps on your nerves, Hiram, or you'll be in jail the first thing you know."

"How's the shoulder?"

"Coming along in fine shape."

"I didn't know whether you'd be able to answer that there telegram of mine in person, and if you was able, I didn't know whether you would."

"Look here, Hiram," said Clancy, "didn't I tell you I'd help you find your father if you'd keep mum about what Lafe Wynn did?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well, I always try to pay my debts."

"Got any trace o' Gerald Wynn, Burton, and Katz yet?"

"No."

"Then that fifteen 'thou' is gone for good?"

"I'm afraid so. But let's not talk about that. You say you're 'hot on the trail' of your father. Tell me about it."

Hiram started with the Chinese procession at Sixth and Main Streets. Very earnestly he told how he had disrupted the dragon, and he described other events that happened down to the point where he found himself with the extra Stetson in his hand.

"That hat," declared Hiram, "sure belonged to dad. I got it away from him somehow, and I hung to it all the while my wits was woolgatherin' and I was bein' toted to a drug store. Then I—— Say, what you laughin' at?"

Clancy had been enjoying Hill's recital to the limit. It would be hard to mix six dozens of eggs, a Chinese dragon, and a runaway monkey into a small-sized riot and not get a little fun out of it. The sober, matter-of-fact way in which Hiram narrated the details added to the humor of the story.

"Never mind what I'm laughing at, Hiram," sputtered Clancy, wiping his eyes. "You say you found something under the sweatband of that Stetson. What was it?"

"A card. Here it is."

Hill thrust a hand into one of his pockets and drew forth an oblong square of pasteboard. This he handed to his companion.

"Sr. J. Lopez," was the name on the card, followed by the address: "Avalon, Catalina Island, California." Then, in the lower left-hand corner, were the words: "Representing the Fortunatus Syndicate, of Tia Juana, Mexico."

"What do you make out of this, Hiram?" the motor wizard asked.

"What do you make out of it?" countered Hill.

"If you are sure the Stetson belonged to the man in the automobile—to the man whom you thought was your father——"

"I'll take my solemn Alfred on that!"

"Well, if this is the man's business card, it proves that the man is J. Lopez—and he can't be your father."

"That's not his business card, Clancy."

"How do you know?"

"There was two gilt letters pasted in the crown o' that Stetson, and them letters was 'U. H.' Sabe? My dad's name is Upton Hill."

Clancy was suitably impressed.

"Well, who's this J. Lopez and the Fortunatus Syndicate?" he inquired. "Those are two things we ought to find out."

"I'm wise to the Fortunatus Syndicate, all right," said

Hill. "You remember I was down in Tia Juana, that time I got hornswoggled out o' five hundred dollars by Gerald Wynn. Well, I heard about this Fortunatus Syndicate while I was in the place. Some Americanos are planning a gambling resort, just across the boundary line, and they call their company the Fortunatus Syndicate."

"And your dad's mixed up with it, Hiram? That doesn't speak very well for him."

"Maybe he's mixed up in it, and maybe he isn't. I wouldn't go and connect him with any gamblin' syndicate just because I found that there card under the sweatband of his Stetson. What do you allow is the thing for us to do? My hand's on the table, Clancy, and I want you to help me play it."

"Strikes me," said Clancy reflectively, "that the best move is to go across to Catalina Island and talk with this man Lopez."

"I allowed we'd better advertise in the papers," remarked Hill. "We could use the Lost and Found Column."

"How?"

"Well, we could say, 'Lost.—One man about fifty with a squinch eye, a Roman nose, and a mole on the back of his neck. Answers to name of Upton Hill. Communicate with Hiram Hill, Renfrew House, City.' And then we could put in another, like this: 'Found.—One black Stetson, initials "U. H." in crown. Picked up corner Sixth and Main, time the chink dragon went to pieces. Communicate with Hiram Hill, and so forth.' I don't see any use in huntin' up this Lopez."

"Your father must have business with Lopez, Hiram, or he wouldn't be having the Mexican's card. Would he?"

"I reckon not."

"It's likely your father is over at Catalina now. If we go to the island and hunt up Lopez, there's a chance of our locating Upton Hill—or the man you think is Upton Hill."

"Maybe you're right," said Hill.

"I don't think advertising would do any good. Your supposed father didn't seem very enthusiastic about meeting you, the time you landed on him in the automobile."

Hill's cross eyes blinked.

"It was the way I come at him," said he, "I been thinkin' since. There was a hull lot of excitement, and I'll gamble dad didn't have time to get the run o' what was happenin'. He didn't have no good chance to be affectionate."

"I suppose not," returned Clancy, trying hard to keep a straight face. "The trail seems to be a pretty warm one, all right, and—— Where are you going?"

Clancy broke off his remarks to grab hold of Hiram and restrain him. The tow-headed chap had suddenly leaped out of his chair like a restive wild cat.

"Ain't that dad over yonder?" he asked. "I see a feller that seems to be built on the same lines of the photograff, but—n-n-no," he finished musingly, "that feller's a Mexican."

"Letter for you, Mr. Hill," said a bell boy, coming across the lobby from the clerk's desk.

Hill took the letter wonderingly, stared at it, tore it open, and then sank into a chair while he read the communication. Presently he began to breathe hard, and to gurgle in his throat.

"I knew the old man didn't have a marble heart," he muttered joyfully. "I reckoned he'd come around, if

I'd only give him time enough. The trail's a short one. Clancy, and it leads to San Diego instead of to Catalina. There," and he thrust the letter into the motor wizard's hand, "read that."

CHAPTER V.

THE MOTOR WIZARD'S JUDGMENT.

"This has a fishy look to me, Hiram," said Clancy, after reading the letter. "Upton Hill, who claims to have written it, says he got your address from the policeman who pulled you out of the mêlée and helped you to the drug store. Mighty queer he couldn't spend time to call on you, after getting your address, instead of putting you to all the expense of going to San Diego to find him."

"Don't be a wet blanket, blame it!" begged Hill. "Only dad I got in the world, and here you go to throwin' cold water on his motives."

"Did you give your address to the policeman?"

"Give it up. I was plump batty, just after I got away from that mob, and I don't know what I did. Reckon I must have given up the information, or dad couldn't have got it and sent me that letter."

The motor wizard was conscious of a deep distrust regarding that communication upon which Hill was setting such store. Instinctively he had become suspicious, and the more he considered the letter's contents, the more suspicious he became.

"Do you recognize your father's handwriting, Hiram?" asked Clancy.

"Well, hardly," was the grinning response. "Dad got lost in the shuffle almost before I'd cut my teeth. I'm not familiar with his handwritin'. Did you read what he says about bein' well off? Gosh! Say, I'm li'ble to come into some money! I reckon this is one time my cup's right side up when it rains good luck."

"Haven't you got a sample of your father's penmanship anywhere, Hiram?"

"Not that I know anythin' about. You see, all the letters he'd written I left back home, and—" Hill paused abruptly. "Gee," he went on, reaching into the breast pocket of his coat, "I allow I *have* got a scrap o' dad's writin'. It's on the back o' that photograph."

He drew the photograph into sight, turned it over, and pushed it under Clancy's eyes.

"There!" and he pointed with his finger. "That's a sample o' dad's fist."

Upton Hill, age thirty-six. This was all the writing on the back of the photograph. It was enough, however. Clancy compared the name signed to the letter with that on the photograph. It could be seen at a glance that the same hand had not written the two signatures—they were utterly different.

"Just as I imagined," observed Clancy. "Hiram, either your father did not write what is on the back of the photograph, or else that letter is a forgery. The same hand did not trace the two signatures. Look! You can see that just as plainly as I can."

Hill took the letter in one hand and the photograph in the other, squinted up his cross eyes, and tried to institute comparisons.

"The signature ain't the same," he finally agreed, "and that's a fact."

"Which proves that the letter's a forgery."

"I'm not a-sayin' that, Clancy. It can't be that dad wrote what's on the back o' the picter."

"You have always thought he did the writing on the back of the photograph, haven't you?"

"Sure."

"Then you're thinking he didn't, now, so you can believe the letter's genuine."

"Well, what of it? I'd a heap rather pin my faith to the writin' in the letter than to what's on the photograph."

Clancy saw that argument was useless. Hill was completely carried away with the letter, for it steered him along the line of least resistance right into the haven of his happiest desires. He believed in that letter because he wanted to believe in it, and for no other earthly reason.

"Then," said the motor wizard quietly, "you think you'll go to San Diego and not to Catalina Island?"

"What's the use o' wastin' time on Catalina when that letter tells us right where to go?" demanded Hill. "You're goin' with me, ain't you?"

"Not if you're going right away, Hiram. I just reached Los Angeles after a long ride from Phoenix, and I'm not going to hit the iron trail again before I have a chance to get the cinders out of my eyes and the dust off my face. If you're going to San Diego this afternoon, or to-night, you'll go alone."

"You don't take any stock in this letter at all, huh?"

"No."

"Who do you think wrote it if it wasn't my lost dad?"

"I don't know who wrote it."

"Well," grumbled Hiram, "I won't start for San Diego afore to-morrow. I want you to be along, and I'm waitin' over so'st to have you. S'pose we go and eat? Registered yet?"

"I'll register now," said Clancy, "and then we'll sit in at the chuck table and have dinner."

He went over to the desk alone, put down his name, and then wrote out a telegram. He handed it to a boy along with some money, and asked that the message be put on the wires as soon as possible. After that he went to his room, got the dust and cinders off his face and out of his hair, joined Hill, and the two went into the dining room together.

Clancy was determined to make the most of his "Happy Trail," and directly after dinner proposed that he and Hill should spend the afternoon at one of the beaches. Hill, who was all wrapped up in San Diego, now that he had received that supposed letter from his father, consented reluctantly. The two boarded an electric car and went to Venice.

There was a big crowd at this particular beach. Hill, in spite of the fact that he professed to believe his father was in San Diego, was scanning every face he passed for the beetling brow, retreating chin, Roman nose, and squint eye. He acted so wild and unreasonable that Clancy was tempted to believe he had gone daffy on the subject of his lost father.

He would run up to a man with a prominent nose, grab him by the shoulders, and study his face in a search for the other specifications. Once he was knocked down, and another time he was nearly arrested when an irate man, whom he had stopped to investigate, raised a shout for a policeman.

"Look here, Hiram," remonstrated the motor wizard, drawing his tow-headed friend apart, "if you're convinced

your father is in San Diego, what the deuce are you expecting to see him here in Venice for?"

"I got the habit of lookin'," answered Hill lamely, "and seems like I can't give it up."

"Well, you've got to give it up for the rest of to-day or you and I will separate here and now. You act as though you had just escaped from a lunatic asylum, and when people see me they are apt to think there are two of us."

They went out on the pleasure pier, bought post cards to send to their friends, had their pictures taken on a couple of burros, and finally got into bathing suits and went into the surf. Hill at last forgot about his lost parent and let himself loose for a good time.

Both he and Clancy enjoyed themselves to the limit. Refreshed by their plunge in the ocean, they went into a restaurant, and did ample justice to a splendid meal. After that they started back to Los Angeles.

"This here has been a great afternoon, Clancy!" sighed Hiram, sinking back in the car seat and showing his weariness. "We haven't done much toward runnin' out the trail, but we can begin on that again to-morrow."

"I'm running out my own trail, Hiram," laughed Clancy.

"Eh?" returned Hill blankly.

The motor wizard did not explain. His companion, he knew, would not have understood him if he had explained. But Clancy realized that he was more contented in mind than he had been at any time during the last two weeks. Tired though he was, it was astonishing how much better he felt.

"New sights and new scenes," thought Clancy, "do a lot to put new life into a fellow. I'm beginning to wish I had taken this Happy Trail a long time ago."

It was ten o'clock when they walked into the lobby of the Renfrew House. As they stopped at the counter to get the keys to their rooms, Clancy asked the clerk if there was a telegram for him. The clerk thumbed over a bunch of messages and tossed out one.

"Owen Clancy?" he queried. "There you are."

"I hope it ain't Wynn wirin' you to come back," remarked Hill, with sudden foreboding.

"It isn't from Wynn," said Clancy; "I know that before I open it. I'll bet something handsome it's from the chief of police at San Diego."

"The chief of police? What's he wiring you for?"

"Come over here, Hiram, and I'll explain."

Clancy led his companion to a couple of chairs.

"Now," said he, after they had seated themselves, "we're about to decide whether we're going to Catalina Island, in the morning, or to San Diego."

"That's already decided!" asserted Hill. "Whatever makes you think it ain't?"

"Look at that letter you received at noon, Hiram," went on Clancy. "You were asked to come to eighteen-twenty 'Q' Street, weren't you?"

"Yes," Hiram answered, consulting the letter.

"Well," explained Clancy, "I wired the chief of police at San Diego, asking him who lives at that number in Q Street. If this reply to my message says that Upton Hill lives at that address, then I'll congratulate you, and we will go on together to San Diego in the morning."

"Sure!"

"But if the message says that some one else lives at the address, it's proof positive that your letter was a

fake, and that going to San Diego is worse than a waste of time, eh?"

"Let's see what the message says," parried Hill.

Clancy opened it, removed the folded yellow sheet, opened it out, and he and Hill read the following:

"OWEN CLANCY, Renfrew House, Los Angeles: No such street as 'Q' in the city. No such man as Upton Hill in directory. Never heard of him.

"PENNYPACKER, Chief of Police."

"What do you think of that?" asked Clancy.

"I reckon your judgment is good, Clancy," answered the baffled Hill. "If it wasn't, I'd not have asked you to help me run out this trail."

"Then we'll cut out San Diego and go to Catalina?"

"What's the use o' goin' to San Diego, lookin' for a street they haven't got in the town? Of course we'll try the island—nothin' else for us to do."

CHAPTER VI.

THE GLASS-BOTTOM BOAT.

The distance from the mainland to the island of Catalina is only about twenty miles, and the steamer from San Pedro makes the trip in something like two hours and a half.

At ten o'clock in the morning Clancy and Hill went aboard, at ten-fifteen the boat got under way, and promptly at ten-seventeen Hiram became seasick. There wasn't anything halfway about it, either, he was sick all through and all over. For an hour he was afraid he was going to die, and for an hour and a half he was afraid he wasn't.

Clancy was so busy with Hill that he had no time to enjoy the trip. As soon as the boat tied up at the Avalon pier and the gangplank was run out, Hill galloped ashore and sank down on the dock with a groan of thanksgiving. Clancy hurried after him, picked him up, and supported him to solid earth.

"I thought you were a better sailor than that, Hiram," chuckled Clancy.

"Me—a sailor?" whimpered Hill. "Say, it always makes my stomach do a hornpipe just to look at a picture of the sea. I can't cross a creek on a bridge without getting separated from my last meal. Darn it! This is why I wanted to find my lost dad in San Diego—I could go there by land. Clancy, I'm goin' to stay on this island, and live and die here. I won't never go back. Let's find a restaurant somewhere and fill up, I never was so empty in all my life."

Finding a restaurant was not difficult, for the little town was full of them. A rattling good fish dinner put Hill in a pleasanter mood, so that his wretchedness of the morning survived as only a faint and far-off memory.

Señor Jack Lopez had a curio store on the main street of the town. The investigators were directed to his place of business, but to their disappointment, Lopez was away on the other side of the island and would not be back until evening. As they came out of the curio store, a man approached them and sounded the praises of the glass-bottom boats.

"Ugh!" said Hiram, trying to get away, "no boats for mine!"

"But you don't want to leave the island without seeing the marine gardens!" exclaimed the man.

"There are enough gardens on shore to do me," answered Hill.

"My friend is afraid he'll get seasick," observed Clancy, with a wink.

"You can't get seasick in one o' my boats any more'n you could on land," averred the runner. "We jest go out around by the Sugarloaf—we're close inshore all the time."

"It's makin' me feel faint just to talk about it," said Hill. "Come on, Clancy!"

He caught the motor wizard's arm and tried to drag him off. Clancy, however, held back.

"I've heard a lot about these glass-bottom boats," said he, "and I'll have to take a trip in one. If you don't want to go, Hiram, you can sit on the dock and wait till I come back."

"No, you don't!" growled Hiram. "You and me don't get separated this trip, if I can help it. If you're going, Clancy, I'll go, too, even if it kills me."

"You won't be the least mite sick, friend," the runner insisted. "If you are, I'll give up your fare."

"That won't be a patchin' to what I'll give up—if you have to give up my fare," commented Hill. "I only hope I don't step so hard on the glass bottom that I go through."

"You can't do that," the man laughed. "This way, gents."

He led them out on a pier and down a flight of steps to a float alongside of which a boat was moored. The boat was a flat-bottom affair, rigged with a canopy top, and having seats along the sides.

Extending down the middle of the craft was something which looked like a long box, open at the top. The lower side of the box was covered with glass. Passengers on the seats could look into the box, through the glass bottom, and see objects on the ocean's bed with wonderful clearness. A man up near the prow did the rowing.

"I claim," said the runner, "that this here's the only kind of a boat to use in seein' the marine gardens. We can go places in these little boats that they can't get to in the big ones."

That must have been a particularly slack day for the glass-bottom boats, for Clancy and Hill were the only passengers on this particular craft.

"I reckon that's all, Ike," said the man who had brought the two youths to the boat: "let 'er go!"

Ike proceeded to use the oars, and, while the boat rounded the end of the pier, Hiram hung to his seat with both hands, and looked wildly and expectantly at Clancy.

"Beginnin' to feel squeamish," mumbled Hiram.

"Don't think about it," returned the motor wizard. "Look down at the marine gardens, Hiram."

Hill gradually forgot his uneasiness. There was hardly any motion to the boat, save a slow, steady gliding onward. Off Avalon there is no surf, the tides rise and fall, as on the mainland, but the sea is usually as quiet as the waters of a pond.

There were other glass-bottom boats out that afternoon, and they were scattered just off shore to Sugarloaf Rock and beyond. Not far from the towering Rock were two or three rowboats, each manned by an oarsman, and carrying a man in a bathing suit.

"Them's divers," explained Ike, nodding to the men in the bathing suits. "Didn't you see 'em when your boat come in?"

"No," answered Hill, "I was too busy gettin' ashore. What were those divers doing when our boats came in?"

"Passengers were throwin' money overboard and they were divin' for it. You'll see 'em when you get on the steamer to go back to Pedro. Over yan by Ole Sugarloaf the divers goes down under the glass bottoms, looks up at you from below, makes faces, throws kisses at the girls, and I don't know what all. Likewise, they brings up abalone shells; you can see 'em brought up, and can buy 'em for a quarter apiece. A very pretty and interestin' souvenir of your trip to the island. Now, look down, for we're right over the gardens."

"It's funny," remarked Hill, "that I'm such a good swimmer when this seasickness takes holt o' me so hard and quick. Maybe if I'd swim the ocean the water wouldn't bother my stummick at all. I—"

The words died on Hill's lips. He suddenly found himself gazing from one world into another of weird beauty and wondrous enchantment.

Beneath his eyes and Clancy's there unfolded a landscape of rainbow tints flecking a forest of softly waving trees. Some of the trees bore fruit, and in and out among their branches swam fishes of silver and gold. It was like fairyland, that landscape on the bed of the sea.

"Beats anything I ever seen!" whispered the entranced Hiram. "If a mermaid was to float up to the glass bottom of this here boat and shake a finger at me, I'd go right over the side and join her in them pretty gardens."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Clancy. "Look at the rocks and shells! You can see them as clearly as though they were out of the water and on the land."

"Them forests," explained Ike, "are made of kelp. From kelp is where we get our iodine of commerce. It takes four hundred pounds of kelp to make one pound of iodine."

"And a million pounds of the iodine o' commerce," snorted Hiram, "ain't worth one pound o' kelp, down below and growin' same as we see. What do they want to root it up for? Why don't they leave it where it is, to please the eye that looks down through these glass-bottom boats?"

"I pass," answered Ike wearily. "I ain't no philosopher, that-a-way. Kelp's no good and iodine's useful—that's all I know. Diver's goin' over and comin' this way," he added, with sudden animation. "Watch close, now, and maybe you'll see him pick up an abalone shell, and look up and make faces. It's right remarkable how long some o' them divers can stay under the water. Look sharp!"

Clancy and Hill looked sharp, but they couldn't see anything of the diver.

"Shucks!" grunted Ike. "He come up for another boat afore he got here. But he'll be along after a spell."

Ike rested from his rowing a bit, and filled and lighted his pipe.

"Up there," said he, waving his hand aloft, "is the towerin' summits o' Black Jack and Orizaba. If you're goin' to be on the island overnight you don't want to miss the coach trip to the top o' the uplifts. It's ten miles up and two miles back, same road all the way," he chuckled as he exhaled a cloud of smoke, "and the round trip is only eight miles. It'll cost you a dollar apiece, and you don't want to miss it."

Clancy and Hill had already discovered that the inhabitants of Avalon had a hand out for tourist money. When one had got all he could of a guileless sight-seer, he passed

him on to a brother who had something else to show. But they were a kindly lot, those Avalonians, for all that.

"Now, watch!" warned Ike. "Here the diver comes, for sure!"

This time Ike was correct. Clancy and Hill, peering through the glass bottom of the boat, saw a human form glide gracefully to a point directly underneath, turn over on its back, and float face upward, full a dozen feet below the surface.

The diver commenced to throw kisses and to make faces, but he suddenly ceased that pleasing performance. His face abruptly froze as with horror, and his wide eyes looked up at the two faces staring down through the glass.

A sharp exclamation escaped Clancy's lips. Hill gave a yell, sat up and began tearing off his coat, hat, and vest.

"It's—it's Hank Burton!" he murmured, far gone with wonder. "It's Gerald Wynn's pard, and he helped walk off with your fifteen thousand, Clancy! What's he doin' in the marine gardens, I'd like to know? Wouldn't this put kinks into your intelleck? Say!"

Hiram Hill was climbing up on his seat, bending low to avoid hitting the canopy top.

"What are you going to do?" shouted Clancy.

"I'm goin' down into the marine gardens, lookin' for trouble! If I can get my lunch hooks on that chap below, I'll bring him aboard, or ashore, or we'll both stay down in the kelp till the crack o' doom! You hear me, Clancy? That feller gave us the slip once, but he'll not do it again!"

With that, Hiram Hill kicked off his shoes, rolled over the rail and went into the water with a splash. Clancy reached for him, but was a minute too late, for his fingers clutched only empty air.

"Look!" whispered Ike huskily, leaning over the glass bottom and staring; "for the love o' Mike, look what's goin' on down there!"

CHAPTER VII.

AT THE BASE OF OLD SUGARLOAF.

Clancy and Ike had the privilege of seeing one of the strangest sights that any one ever saw through a glass-bottom boat. They saw a half-clad man grab another in a bathing suit, and immediately a submarine wrestling match was staged. Burton gripped Hill about the throat, and Hill's fingers slipped forthwith to Burton's windpipe. The scene grew more and more horrible as the moments passed, and Clancy fell to throwing aside his garments preparatory to making a trip of his own to the marine gardens.

"Wait!" clamored Ike excitedly. "They've broke loose from each other! They're comin' up. Don't go in!"

Clancy took another look through the glass. Burton's face was livid and ghastly, and it was plain that he was hard put to it for breath. With feeble, faltering strokes he was coming to the surface. Hill was following him as relentlessly as a shark.

The rowboat, from which Burton had dived, came alongside the flat-bottom craft. The fellow at the oars Clancy did not know. The motor wizard had half expected to see either Gerald Wynn or Bob Katz, but the oarsman was neither of these.

"What's happened?" he asked, a tense note of alarm in his voice.

Before Ike could answer, Burton's head bobbed to the surface, and a gurgling cry for help floated over the water.

"Wait a minute!" called Clancy, catching the side of the smaller boat before the man at the oars could get away from Ike's craft. "I guess I'll go with you."

Without much difficulty, Clancy transferred himself from one boat to the other.

"You needn't wait for us, Ike!" he called. "Have our clothes ready for us when we call for them, that's all."

"What're you trying to do?" demanded the oarsman.

"We've got two fellows to pick up," Clancy answered, "and I'm going to help. Are you a friend of Burton's?"

"I get half he makes for handlin' the boat for him."

"How long has he been doing this?"

"Yesterday and to-day."

"And your name is—"

"Mynie Boltwood."

"All right, Mynie Boltwood! Steady it is, now, and we'll pick up the two in the water."

"Never mind me, Clancy," sang out Hill, who had come to the surface, and was swimming easily despite the weight of the wet clothing he had on. "Burton is purty nigh tuckered. Take care o' him first."

Burton was a splendid swimmer, there was no doubt about that, but his ordeal in the water had told on him severely. He grabbed Clancy's outstretched hand despairingly, and was assisted to climb over the bulwarks. Once aboard, he fell in a sprawl on the boat's bottom, breathing heavily.

Hiram Hill got into the boat much more easily. Lifting his dripping body to a seat, he grinned, and shook the long, tow-colored hair back from his face.

"How was that for Hi?" he asked.

"It was a great piece of work!" Clancy answered admiringly. "You're certainly there with the goods when it comes to swimming. I thought, for a time, that both you and Burton would be drowned. We could have got him just as easily, Hiram, if you hadn't gone into the water."

"I wanted to make sure, that was all."

"Boltwood," called Clancy, "put us all ashore on the rocks at the foot of Old Sugarloaf. We'll bask in the sun, for a while, and I'll talk a little with Burton. We're old friends, you know," and here Clancy smiled. "The last person in the world I was expecting to see through the glass bottom of that boat was Hank Burton. It was the surprise of my life, and no mistake."

There was something here which Mynie Boltwood could not understand. He was not ambitious in the acquirement of knowledge, however, and merely did as he was told—and let it go at that.

Burton sat up in the boat's bottom, and peered at Clancy. "Feeling better, Hank?" the motor wizard inquired pleasantly.

"What're you and Hill doing here?" inquired Burton confusedly. "We reckoned you were in San Diego."

"Oh, you did!" returned Clancy. "You must know something about that letter Hiram received, inviting him to hang up his hat in Q Street and feel at home."

Burton, realizing that he had said something he hadn't ought to, bit his lip angrily.

"How'd you happen to come to Catalina?" he went on.

"The Happy Trail branched in this direction."

"Eh?"

"Well," Clancy laughed, "Hiram came to Catalina to find his father, and I'm helping in the search. We've got a few things to discuss, Hank, and I think we'll do the chinning ashore."

By that time the boat was grounded among the rocks close to the foot of Old Sugarloaf.

"I haven't got a thing to discuss with you," snarled Burton, "and I'm not goin' ashore."

"Sure you are!" declared Clancy. "You'd a heap rather go ashore and talk matters over with Hiram and me than go to jail. Wouldn't you, now?"

Fire snapped in the motor wizard's eyes, and his voice, although it was like velvet, cut like steel. Burton saw there was no use trying to hang back.

"If Wynn hadn't made me work for a little money," growled Burton, "this wouldn't 'a' happened."

"What's that?"

"Nothing."

Boltwood had jumped to the rocks, and was holding the boat by the painter. Hill followed him out of the craft, and now Burton followed Hill. Clancy was last to leave the boat. He walked up toward the base of Sugarloaf Rock.

"Boltwood," he called, "you stay there and take care of the boat. Burton, you and Hill come up here with me."

The excitement that had claimed the passengers in Ike's boat had been missed by the other boats. The rest of the glass-bottom fleet had gone around Sugarloaf Rock, and Clancy was now able to look across the low rise of rocks, separating the headland from the shore, and see the other sight-seers.

"Hill and I came over here to find Hill's father," said Clancy, turning to Burton, "and we find you. That strikes me as being mighty strange, Hank. What are you and Gerald Wynn and Bob Katz doing here?"

"Who said Gerald and Bob were with me?" returned Burton sullenly.

"You said something before we got out of the boat which proved to me that Gerald Wynn was here with you. And, if Gerald is here, Katz is along, too. Why are you in this place?"

Burton did not answer.

"Why did one of you write that letter to Hill and try to get him to San Diego?"

Still nothing from Burton.

"Did you fellows bring the fifteen thousand with you?"

Clancy's voice was sharp as he put this question.

"It must be clear to you," returned Burton, "that I haven't any of that fifteen thousand. If I had, do you think I'd be divin' for quarters?"

The motor wizard settled himself on a bowlder. The sun was hot, but a cool breeze from the sea tempered its warmth. As he stared at the stubborn face of Burton, his eyes hardened.

"Hank," he went on, "I haven't any cause to love you, or Gerald Wynn, or Bob Katz. One of you put a bullet into my shoulder, at the old adobe near Wickenburg. The three of you, also, made off with fifteen thousand dollars belonging to me and to Lafe Wynn. Now I can put you through for all that, and put you through good and hard. Even if I can't get hands on Gerald and Katz, I've got you securely. Do you want to save yourself, or don't you?"

"Save myself? How?"

"Why, by helping me get back that stolen money. Tell us where Gerald Wynn and Katz are hiding themselves, where the money is, and how we're to get hold of it."

"Think I'm a squealer?" demanded Burton indignantly.

"Where are your clothes?" Clancy asked.

"Boltwood knows."

The motor wizard walked down to the water's edge.

"Boltwood," said he, "I want you to go and get Burton's clothes. Also get from Ike the clothes belonging to Hill and me. Bring them back here. And—listen! Don't say a word to anybody about what happened. Understand?"

"I don't know what's happened, or what's goin' on now," answered Boltwood, "so how can I talk?"

"Just remember that, then. Here's a five-dollar gold piece for you. Do as I tell you and you'll be all right. Do something else, and you'll find yourself in more trouble than Burton is in."

"I'm no fool, I guess," mumbled Boltwood, pouching the gold piece. "I don't pry into things that ain't my business. I'll row across and get the clothes."

He sprang into the boat, pushed off, and began using the oars vigorously. The motor wizard turned thoughtfully and walked back to the place where he had left Hill and Burton.

Hank Burton had issued his defiance. He was not a "squealer," but he was apprehensive regarding Clancy's next move.

"What're you goin' to do?" he asked.

"I'm sending for your clothes," was the reply.

"Then what?"

"Why, then I'll find some place where I can make a complaint against you. You think more of your pals' liberty than you do of your own. But that's your lookout, not mine. If you want to go to jail and leave Gerald Wynn and Bob Katz free to spend that fifteen thousand, why, have it that way."

Clancy's tone was relentless. Burton knew enough of the motor wizard to understand that he would do what he said he would.

The chap in the bathing suit walked back and forth among the rocks for a few moments, then, finally, he flung up his hands helplessly and halted in front of Clancy.

"You've got the whip hand, as usual," said he, with a tinge of bitterness. "I'll exchange what I know for my liberty. What am I to tell you?"

CHAPTER VIII.

TREACHERY THAT SUCCEEDED—AND FAILED.

The motor wizard congratulated himself, for a moment, that he had won Hank Burton over to his side in the argument. But only for a moment. Even as Clancy was getting ready to frame his first question, Burton took to his heels and ran like a deer toward the other side of Sugarloaf Rock.

On that side, three persons had landed in a small boat. They had secured their boat by twisting the painter around a rock, and were now climbing Old Sugarloaf.

Burton must have seen this landing party while walking back and forth and turning Clancy's proposition over in his mind. He had gained a little time by seeming to fall in with Clancy's desires, but now the mask was dropped.

"Consarn the critter!" whooped Hiram. "Stop him, Clancy, stop him!"

This is exactly what Clancy was trying to do, but the feat was physically impossible. Burton had too long a lead.

Snatching the painter from the rock, the fleeing rascal sprang into the boat, picked up the oars and was twenty feet from shore before Clancy and Hill came to the water's edge.

"Guess again!" taunted Burton, applying himself vigorously to the oars.

"This island ain't so big!" shouted Hiram furiously. "The steamer for San Pedro has gone, and there's no other boat for the mainland until to-morrow. You ain't out o' this yet, Hank Burton!"

What Burton thought regarding this did not appear. He put all his energy into his rowing and was soon halfway across the bay.

"If we'd toted a popper," bewailed Hiram, "this couldn't have happened.

"Popper?" questioned Clancy.

"Meanin' gun. With a six-shooter we could have drawn a bead on Mister Man in the boat and fetched him ashore. Blame it! I sure hate to see him get away after bein' to so much trouble ketchin' him!"

The motor wizard felt in the same way, but there was no use crying over spilled milk. Myrie Boltwood got back from the other side of the bay with a load of clothes, and Hill removed his wet garments, wrung them out, dried them in the sun, and was soon back in his complete wardrobe, and but little the worse for his drenching.

Clancy, hoping to develop something in the nature of a clue, searched the pockets of Burton's clothes. He found nothing to repay his search.

"Now," inquired Hill gloomily, "what's the next step?"

"We came here to find your father, Hiram," Clancy answered, "and suddenly got switched off into another trail. Now we'll get back to the work that originally brought us to the island."

"And let that bunch o' grafters go?"

"I don't see what we can do, at present."

"We can set the police on their trail!"

Clancy shook his head. "That won't do, Hiram," he answered. "I made a crack of that kind at Burton, but it was only a bluff. The moment we ring in the police, that moment we lift the veil on Lafe Wynn. Lafe must be protected at any cost. If we could get back the money by our own efforts, that would be all right. What we've got to avoid is making this thing too public. We'll return to the curio store and see if Lopez has got back from the other side of the island."

Myrie Boltwood displayed little curiosity regarding Burton. The five-dollar gold piece had evidently blinded him, muzzled him, and tied up his ears. He rowed Clancy and Hill back to the pier, and they left the boat and proceeded to the establishment of Jack Lopez.

Lopez looked a good deal like a man who might deal in dazzling futures, taking care that all the profit came to himself. He was swarthy and good-natured, but with a crafty eye.

"The Fortunatus Syndicate?" he said, with an airy laugh. "Gentlemen, it is gone—as you say—where the woodbine twineth. Yes, for two years past. The concession was granted by Diaz for a great 'plant' dedicated to the god of luck at Tia Juana, but—well, Diaz went out and some one

else came in. Down below the border, nothing remains as it was for long. It took—what you call—too much money to grease the wheels. The Syndicate dropped one hundred thousand dollars, and thought that was plenty. No, no, you cannot invest in Fortunatus, for there is no Fortunatus."

"This is your card, isn't it?" inquired Clancy, offering for inspection the card found under the sweatband of the Stetson.

"Why, si! I used that card at the time the Tia Juana matter looked very bright and promising. Now, though, I use the card no more."

"Did you ever see a feller like this?" put in Hiram, handing over the photograph of his father.

Lopez looked at the photograph, started, took it in his hands, and gave it a more careful scrutiny.

"As I live," said he, "it is the picture of my good friend, Captain Hogan, of the steam yacht *Sylvia*. Look!" and Lopez lifted and leveled a forefinger.

They were standing in front of the curio store, and the stores all along that street overlooked the bay. Lopez indicated a trim-looking craft, painted white, and with the sun striking gleams from dazzling brasswork, floating at anchor far from the shore line.

"That," continued Lopez, "is my good friend's boat. Her home port is San Diego, and she can be chartered by any one with the price. Hogan is at the island for a few days, looking for customers."

Disappointment struck heavily at Hiram Hill's heart and was reflected in his face.

"You say his name is Hogan?" he asked.

"Yes."

"What's the whole of his handle?"

"Uriah Hogan. Strange you do not know, since you have his picture."

"There's a whole lot o' things I don't know," answered Hiram, "and am just beginnin' to find out. Was Cap'n Hogan over to Los Angeles last Saturday?"

"He was. He has told me about it. He returned to the island Sunday."

"Do you happen to know where I can find him?"

"Why, yes. In the quarter of the town called Buena Vista, there is a bungalow called the Rest a While. There Captain Hogan stays whenever he is in Avalon."

This ended the talk with Señor J. Lopez. Clancy took his friend by the arm and walked with him to the restaurant where they had had their dinner.

"Ain't this the limit?" queried Hill plaintively. "Nothin' goes right for us, Clancy."

"Well, don't fret about it," returned the motor wizard. "Order up a good meal and try and be happy."

They sent in a generous order. Hill, however, could not get the hard luck out of his mind. He continued to air the state of his feelings while the order was being made ready.

"This Cap'n Hogan is a dead ringer for dad. Him and dad couldn't look more alike if they had been twins. And then, Clancy, them initials in his Stetson—'U. H.' I reckoned that made a cinch of this here trail I'm follerin'. But, no. 'Stead o' standin' for Upton Hill, them letters in the Stetson meant 'Uriah Hogan.' Never before has fate played it so low down on me as that."

"We have certainly blundered into some remarkable coincidences," agreed Clancy.

A man with red hair, who sat at their table, cocked up his ear as Hill shook out his opinions.

"Hogan?" said he, leaning forward; "did I hear you mention Smuggler Hogan, of the *Sylvia*?"

"I called him Uriah Hogan," said Hill.

"It's all one and the same. Hogan's bad medicine." The man surveyed Clancy with an approving eye. "Maybe I shouldn't say anything about this," he continued, "but your hair's the same color as mine, and I always make it a point to pass valuable information along to a fellow bricktop. Beware of Hogan! What's the fellow doing with that boat of his? Some say he's smuggling arms into Lower California, for the use of the revolutionists, and some say he's running chinks and opium—both contraband goods—into the United States. Cap'n Hogan is not in these waters for any good, take it from me."

The red-headed man finished with an ominous look, and then with great politeness requested Hill to pass the salt.

"Hogan, I hear," the loquacious stranger continued presently, "charts that boat of his to the unsuspecting. He does it for a blind—nothing else. Now, if you gents want a trip up or down the coast, as far north as San Fran. or as far down as the Horn, I've got just the thing—slickest little schooner with steam auxiliary you ever put eyes on."

A light broke over Clancy. Maybe Captain Hogan wasn't such bad medicine, after all. This rival ship owner might be giving him a bad character—for business purposes.

"We're not intending to charter any boat," said Clancy.

"No harm done, anyway," said the red-haired person. "I've given you a straight tip about Hogan, though, and you can bank on it."

"Much obliged," returned Clancy.

A little later he and Hill got up from the table, settled their bill, and left the restaurant.

"How about takin' a walk?" Hill asked. "The way that red-headed chap threw it into the man I thought was dad, kinder made me feverish."

"All right," agreed the motor wizard cheerfully. "we'll walk. It's always a good thing to walk a mile or so after you've had your supper."

They strolled down the main street, Clancy doing his best to cheer up his melancholy companion. Presently they turned a corner and started along a thoroughfare that was bordered on both sides with eucalyptus trees. A figure stepped suddenly out of the black shadow of one of the trees and posted itself in front of Clancy, barring his path.

"Owen Clancy?" the figure asked.

"Yes," Clancy answered, thinking the voice sounded rather familiar.

"Well, I'm back again, and—"

"Burton!" the motor wizard exclaimed.

"Yes, Burton," the other returned. "I've had it rubbed into me by Gerald Wynn and Bob Katz till I reckon I can't stand it no longer. I'm ready to help you, now, and this time I mean it."

"What's happened to cause this great change, Burton?" Clancy asked skeptically.

"Wynn and Katz are trying to beat me out of my share of the fifteen thousand," was the reply. "If I help you, Clancy, maybe, between us, we can beat out the pair of them. What do you say?"

CHAPTER IX.

A SPLIT IN THE GANG.

Clancy had no confidence whatever in Burton.

"I'm willing to hear what you've got to say, Burton," he said, "but whether I believe you or not, is another question."

"You'll believe me, fast enough," was the confident response. "Down the street, a little way, is a place where we can talk."

They walked down the street to a bench. The bench was in an obscure place, and the gloom of the eucalyptus trees surrounded it. Here, after they had seated themselves, Burton began his remarks.

"I've been treated like a d— by Wynn and Katz," said he, "and I'm going to be square with you, Clancy, just to get even with them. When we lifted the fifteen thousand, at the time you were shot, we laid a bee line for Los Angeles. We've been there ever since, up to last Sunday morning. Gerald was bughouse on a gambling proposition, across the Mexican line. He heard of a stockholder he could buy out for fifteen thousand dollars, and that's what set him to working his brother for the money, in the first place.

"Well, he was as close-fisted with that dinero as any miser you ever saw. I didn't have a cent in my pocket, and Gerald wouldn't give me any cash. He paid my expenses, but that was all.

"Last Saturday he saw that mix-up at Sixth and Main, in Los Angeles, and he got the idea that Hill was trailing us. Of course, Gerald knows all about Hill's search for his lost father—"

"Of course he does!" grunted Hiram. "There's a reason for that."

"And he conceived the notion of sending Hill a letter and signing the name of Upton Hill to it," went on Burton. "The idea was to get Hill off of our trail, and we all reckoned the scheme had won out. I didn't know, until I looked up into the glass bottom of that boat, that Hill was within a hundred miles of Catalina Island! And I thought Clancy was still in Phoenix! Say, it was sure a big surprise to me."

"That's what I reckoned," remarked Hill, with a chuckle.

"I used to be swimming instructor in a gymnasium," proceeded Burton, "and as soon as we reached Avalon I made a deal with Mynie Boltwood, who owns a boat, and we took to workin' the tourists. Gerald was still the tightwad, and I couldn't live on prospects, no matter how rosy they might be. Sunday afternoon, while I was out diving, Gerald and Bob called on Lopez. I get it straight, from a fellow who knows, that Lopez told them the Fortunatus deal had fallen through. Right then and there is where those two skunks began to scheme to beat me out of my share of the swag we brought from Wickenburg."

Burton fell silent for a moment, evidently reflecting on the great wrong that had been done him by his former pals. At last he resumed:

"Wynn and Katz chartered the *Sylvia* to take them down the coast. I was told that by Lopez, and I reckon he got it from Captain Hogan. Lopez—I saw him no more than half an hour ago—says Wynn and Katz are planning to cut loose from me. I've been a fool all along to let those two do all the schemin' and never put in my oar. But now I'm going to get busy."

"You saw Lopez pretty soon after you gave us the slip at Sugarloaf Rock?" Clancy asked.

"Quite a long time after that. I laid low in town until Mynie Boltwood brought me my clothes. You see, I was expecting every minute you'd have an officer on my trail, so I didn't stir around very much."

"Lopez is a friend of yours?"

"He's treated me white when he saw how I was being double-crossed by fellows I thought were my pards. Now, Clancy, here's a plan I've thought of: From all I can find out, Wynn and Katz haven't an idea you and Hill are in Avalon. Suppose we three go to their hang-out and jump them? We can do it, and recover the money. We'll have to be quick, though, and pull off the work before they leave in the *Sylvia*."

"Where are Gerald Wynn and Bob Katz?"

"Lopez says they're staying at Hogan's bungalow. I know where that is. Will you go?"

Clancy hesitated.

"You're afraid I'm working some underhand scheme, eh?" said Burton. "Well, forget it. All I want in this world is to break even with Wynn and Katz. Don't you believe what I've been telling you?"

"You're a slippery customer," answered Clancy, "and you may be lying for the purpose of getting Hill and me into hot water."

"Nothing to it. I tell you I'm square with you."

"Let's try him once, Clancy," suggested Hill. "If it turns out to be a frame-up, Burton will be with us, and we can hand him a sample of our regards."

"Very well," said the motor wizard. "Lead the way, Burton."

Burton moved down the walk to the first cross street, proceeded halfway along the block, and halted in front of a small bungalow with a deep porch.

"Here's where Captain Hogan stays when he's in Avalon and ashore," remarked Burton, in a guarded tone.

"Can't see any light," murmured Hill. "Looks like the place was empty."

"I should say, at a guess," put in Clancy, "that the captain is not at home. He may be aboard the *Sylvia*."

"We're not looking for Hogan, but for Wynn and Katz," continued Burton. "I'll not leave this place until I investigate a bit."

He began climbing the steps that led to the porch. Clancy was still very distrustful of Burton, and watched warily while following the fellow to the front door of the house.

Burton seemed straight enough. With a soft hand he tried the door, and discovered it to be locked. Moving thence to a window that opened upon the porch, he tried to raise the lower sash. It was secured.

"Maybe I can open the sash lock," he whispered to Clancy. "If it's the ordinary kind, a knife will do the trick."

He took a jackknife from his pocket, opened a blade, thrust it upward between the upper and lower sash, and maneuvered for a minute or two. Finally he gave vent to a muttered word of satisfaction, closed the knife, and slipped it into his pocket.

"Here's a little luck," said he. "We can open the window now."

Noiselessly the lower sash was lifted, and the way into the bungalow was open.

"You can stay here," whispered Burton, "or you can go

with me. If you're afraid to trust me, I can look around and report what I find."

"I'll go with you," returned Clancy. "I don't want to take your report about what you find, I want to see for myself."

As carefully as possible they crawled through the window, and while they stood in the dark room at the front of the house, Hiram came through the opening and joined them.

A noise reached their ears, as of heavy breathing. Hill caught Clancy's arm in a convulsive clutch.

"There's some one in the place, all right!" said Burton, under his breath.

"Strike a light," suggested the motor wizard. "I believe it's safe enough."

"Here, let me," put in Hiram. "I've got a match right in my fingers."

He scraped the match on the wall. As a flicker of light blazed up, a small, meagerly furnished front room was disclosed. Neither Captain Hogan nor either of those who had chartered his boat could be seen.

Clancy stepped to a shelf on the side wall, and took down a candle in a candlestick. Hill touched the match to the wick, and the investigation continued under a better light.

There was a door opening off the rear of the room. Burton glided to it and carefully pushed it ajar. Stygian darkness reigned beyond.

The opening of the rear door had caused the heavy breathing to grow louder. The man—evidently the only one they were to find in the bungalow—must be in that back room. Clancy, with the candle, pushed into the lead, and entered the next apartment.

Hill was watching Burton as keenly as a cat watches a mouse. At the first sign of a treacherous move, or the springing a trap, Hill would have been at Burton in a flash.

Nothing occurred, however, to alarm the investigators. Something was discovered, on the other hand, which certainly astounded them.

A figure was lying on a cot bed—a figure that was bound wrist and ankle. A towel was tied over the face of the helpless form, and from behind this towel came the labored breathing which had already attracted attention.

The candle revealed the gruesome situation dimly. There seemed no longer any good reason for silence, and startled exclamations dropped from the lips of the three investigators.

"Black work has been going on here!" growled Burton.

"Wonder if that's Hogan?" queried Clancy.

"Whoever it is," spoke up Hill, "if that towel ain't removed he'll soon be smothered to death."

As he spoke, he hastened to the head of the bed, turned the form slightly so he could untie the ends of the towel, and presently removed the suffocating gag. As the head of the bound man fell back on the pillow of the bed, his face was brought clearly into the full light of the candle.

"By thunder!" gasped Clancy, startled.

"What do you think of that?" murmured the bewildered Burton.

"Katz, or I'm a Hottentot!" whispered Hill.

There followed a few moments of silence, during which the three at the cot-side exchanged wondering glances.

Here was a situation which seemed incomprehensible to all of them.

Katz's eyes were closed, and the breath came and went stertorously between his bloated lips. His face was puffed and of a purplish hue.

"What's the matter with him?" queried Burton.

"He came within one of being suffocated, that's all," Clancy answered. "Get the ropes off his hands and feet, so he'll be more comfortable. I don't think it will be long before he opens his eyes."

The motor wizard was right. Hardly had Katz been freed of the ropes when his eyelids flickered wide open. He stared up dazedly into the faces bending over him.

"Wynn!" he exclaimed, his wits wandering. "You're double-crossin' me, eh, same as we double-crossed Burton? You and Hogan are going to make off with the swag! Well, it won't do you no good, you can gamble on that. You'll be sorry you did this—some day—and—"

Here his voice trailed off into incoherent mumbling. It was quite evident that there had been a bad "split" in the gang.

CHAPTER X.

PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT.

Burton's eyes glimmered as he listened to these wandering words from the lips of his treacherous friend.

"He got a dose of the same medicine he helped give me!" he said. "Serves him right. Gerald Wynn is a yellow dog! He turned against me, and then he hitched up with Captain Hogan and the two turned on Katz. Wish I knew just how it all happened."

"Bring some water," said Clancy, "and perhaps we can help Katz recover his wits. He's half delirious now."

Burton found some cool water, and brought a basin of it. The bloated, purplish face of Katz was bathed, his limbs were rubbed, and gradually his condition, physical and mental, became more normal. He peered at Burton with blinking eyes.

"Thank you, Hank?" he asked.

"Yes, it's Hank," was the taunting response. "How do you like bein' double-crossed? You and Wynn put the kibosh on me, and here you've got a taste of it yourself."

"Wynn's a coyote!" snarled Katz.

"He's not the only one."

"What took place here?" struck in Clancy, seeking to direct the talk into more profitable channels.

A shiver convulsed the form of Katz. Slowly his eyes turned to Clancy, and grew round with astonishment.

"That red-headed motor wizard!" he breathed. "How-ever did you get here?"

"I'm here, and that's enough," said Clancy.

"He came on from Phoenix because I wired him to," put in Hill. "He's helpin' me locate my father."

"It was Clancy's judgment. I'll bet," observed Burton, "that kept you from going to San Diego."

"Now you are shouting. I was bound to go there, but Clancy held me back and steered me toward Catalina Island."

Katz's eyes passed from Clancy to Hill. Slowly the wonder died out of them, and a grim expression crossed his face.

"You're the clever boy, all right, Clancy," said Katz, "but Wynn is too many for you. He's hit it off with

Hogan, who owns the steam yacht *Sylvia*, and they're off for down the coast with all the money. After we cut you out, Burton, Wynn and I had divided. I had seventy-five hundred, all in the long green, in that dinky satchel of mine, when I came to this wikiup to join Wynn and Hogan. Them two were layin' for me. The minute I stepped in at the door they bowled me over. I went down like a log, and when I came to myself I was lyin' on this bed, lashed hand and foot, and with a towel tied so tight over my face that I could hardly breathe.

"Hogan and Wynn were in the room, and they just laughed at me. 'You're easier'n Burton was,' Wynn says. 'Hogan and I are leavin' the harbor to-night,' he says, 'and we're takin' the hull fifteen thousand with us. Good night, and happy dreams, Katz,' he winds up, then puts out the light, locks the front door, and leaves me to strangle to death." Katz turned his head and spat contemptuously. "That's the sort of a jigger this Wynn is," he finished.

"You're no better than he is," snapped Burton.

"If I could come within arm's reach o' him, by thunder, I'd show whether I'm better than he is, or not!" cried Katz, getting up with an effort and sitting on the edge of the cot.

"You say," said Clancy, speaking quickly, "that Hogan and Wynn are intending to get away in the *Sylvia* to-night?"

"I reckon they've already gone."

"Maybe not! There's a chance that the *Sylvia* is still in the harbor. Are you as anxious to get even with Wynn as Burton is, Katz?"

"Try me, that's all!" growled Katz, lifting his arms and working them back and forth to get the cramps out of them. "I'd like a chance to show Gerald Wynn just how I feel!"

"Then come with me! Perhaps we can head off Hogan and Wynn at the dock!"

"No such luck. But look here oncet, Clancy. Are you intendin' to mix the police in this game o' muggins?"

"No," was the answer. "We'll handle it ourselves."

"And the idee is—"

"To recover the fifteen thousand dollars."

"Who gets it, after it's recovered?"

"I do. It belongs to Lafe Wynn and myself, doesn't it?"

This part of the arrangement, it was clear, did not please Katz. Clancy saw that, and his voice hardened and grew threatening.

"You're a plain thief, Katz! First thing you know, you'll get your just deserts and land in the Los Angeles jail. You can either come with the rest of us, or you can stay here. Suit yourself."

"When you talk in that tone of voice," returned Katz humbly, "I come on the run. Give your orders, Clancy, and count on me to help carry 'em out."

"Where does Hogan keep the dinghy that carries him between the *Sylvia* and the shore?" asked the motor wizard.

"I can show you. If the *Sylvia* is still in the harbor, and there's any one ashore from her, I can take you right to the place where the dinghy is tied up."

"That's where we want to go."

The entire party emerged from the bungalow, descended the steps to the street, and started forthwith for the water front. Katz led the way out upon the same pier

at which Clancy and Hill had taken the glass-bottom boat to view the marine gardens. Well out on the pier, they came to a halt, and swept their eyes over the dark waters of the bay.

"By cracky," said Katz, pointing, "the *Sylvia* ain't got away yet. There's her lights, if I'm not mistaken."

Probably thirty or forty boats, most of them small, were anchored in the bay. Each carried lights, and picking the *Sylvia*'s lights out from among the others was no easy matter.

"I guess you've got it right, Katz," said Clancy. "Unless the yacht changed her anchorage, that's about where she ought to be."

"We can tell to a certainty by goin' down to the floats and seein' if the *Sylvia*'s dinghy is tied up at the pier."

"If the dinghy isn't there," spoke up Burton, "it wouldn't prove that the *Sylvia* wasn't still in the harbor. She may be at anchor, Katz, with no one ashore."

"Right-o," answered Katz. "On t'other hand, Burton, if the *Sylvia*'s dinghy is at the pier, then it's a lead pipe that the yacht isn't far away. We'll go look."

They went down the stairs to the floats. There were several boats chained and locked to the floats, and among them was the *Sylvia*'s dinghy. The dinghy, however, was not locked to the float post, and a pair of oars lay across the thwarts.

"She's here, by Jerry!" muttered Katz. "Hogan and Wynn haven't left us yet—not just yet! I allow they're whoopin' it up, some'r's, and are slow gettin' out to the yacht."

"Maybe they're on the *Sylvia*," said Burton, "and some of the crew's ashore."

"What difference does it make who's ashore and who's on the yacht?"

"It makes a good deal," put in the motor wizard. "Two of our party will stay on the pier and watch this float to see who comes after the dinghy, and the other two will take the dinghy and go out to the *Sylvia*. By making a move of that kind, we'll be able to land on Gerald Wynn, no matter whether he's ashore or on the boat."

"I'll watch this end o' the play," said Katz.

"No," objected Clancy, "you'll go with me to the yacht, Katz. Hill and Burton will stay here and keep an eye on the float."

"Well, you're the doctor," acquiesced Katz grumbly.

Clancy had divided the party so that he and Hill would each have a man to watch. Neither Katz nor Burton would have the same opportunity to be treacherous as they would have had if they had been left together.

The motor wizard fully believed that Hogan and Wynn were ashore, and that the dinghy was waiting to carry them to the yacht. He felt that he could trust Burton to be one to deal with Wynn much more safely than he could trust the more desperate Katz.

"Who'll do the rowin'?" queried Katz.

"You'd better do that, Katz," said Clancy. "My shoulder isn't in the right sort of condition for such work."

Katz was interested at once.

"What's the matter with your shoulder?" he asked.

"You ought to know. I'm pretty sure you're the one who put a bullet into it."

"I got an alibi for that," muttered Katz, stepping into the boat and adjusting the oars.

Clancy followed him.

"The idea is, Hill," said Clancy, "to get the money from

Wynn. You and Burton may have a hard time of it if Hogan and Wynn are together. I can't tell you what to do, except to be careful and do the best you can. There'll be no dinghy for Wynn and Hogan to use, and I think you ought to have some success if you use your wits as well as your fists."

"If we get a chance, Clancy," answered Hill, "we'll either make good or know the reason why."

"All right, Katz," called the motor wizard softly. "Make as little noise as possible. If we can't get aboard the *Sylvia* without any one knowing it, we won't be able to get aboard at all."

"I sabe the burro, fast enough," answered Katz.

The fellow proved a good oarsman and there was scarcely a sound as he dropped and lifted the oars. As they picked their way through the fleet of harbor craft, coming closer and closer to the lights for which they had headed, they found out that they had located the *Sylvia* correctly. Her white, trim bulwarks suddenly loomed up like a ghost ship.

No one was on deck to hail the dinghy, and Katz brought the small boat to a stop under the *Sylvia*'s side, and at the foot of a short ladder that was lashed to the rail.

Clancy laid hold of the ladder, and, with little noise, gained the deck. Some one started out from the shadow of a deck awning and stepped toward him.

"Is that you, Lewis?" the man asked.

Clancy's response was quick and to the point. With a tigerlike leap he gained the man's side and pressed both hands about his throat.

CHAPTER XI.

ABOARD THE "SYLVIA."

Clancy's shoulder received a hard wrench and a tingling pain shot through his arm. The man who had hailed him was of medium height and stocky build, and well muscled. Clancy was in no physical condition to keep up his end in such a set-to, and the result would probably have been disastrous had not Katz leaped over the side and taken a hand.

Katz, remembering the way his pal had treated him, was as venomous as a rattlesnake. The motor wizard had all he could do to keep him from going too far, and seriously injuring the man. With very little commotion the fellow was overcome, gagged with a handkerchief, and tied with a rope which Clancy picked up on the deck.

This rough work finished, the two intruders stood breathlessly in the shadow of the awning, and waited and listened. They could hear a drone of voices forward. The monotonous sound kept going without a break, which seemed to prove that the slight noise aft had not been overheard.

"So far, so good," muttered Katz. "What next, Clancy?"

"Our next move is to look around and see who's aboard," was the reply.

"There's somebody in the cabin, that's a cinch, but I reckon this dub was the only other chap around the works. Like enough he was a watchman, or somethin'. What did he call you?"

"Lewis."

"Lewis is the engineer. If he saw you climb over the rail, and if he thought you was Lewis, then it's a safe guess that Lewis is one of the men who's ashore."

"That's right."

"If Lewis has shore leave, then I'll bet Hogan is on board."

"I think so—Hogan and Wynn."

"They're the two who are in the cabin, hey? It takes two to make a talk."

"We'll find out who's in the cabin."

There was a deck house amidships, with steps leading up from the afterdeck. Windows opening into the cabin were almost flush with the deck, and by kneeling down, Clancy and Katz could look into the small room below.

They found that they had been correct in their surmises. Wynn and Hogan sat facing each other on upholstered benches. A table was between them, and upon the table was a battered satchel of small dimensions. Katz reached for Clancy's arm and gave it a quick pressure.

"That's the grip with the money!" he whispered. "What's the reason we can't get hold of it?"

"We've got to get hold of it, somehow," returned Clancy. "Suppose you go aft and yell for Hogan? It's possible, Katz, that your call will take both Hogan and Wynn out of the cabin. That may give me a chance to duck down the companion and grab the satchel."

"It's worth tryin'," approved Katz. "Even if it don't win out, we can still end the thing in a fight. You got a shootin' iron?"

"No."

"Neither have I. Blamed if I don't feel kinder lost without one. I'll bet Hogan is heeled, and I know Wynn never goes without his artillery. We'll have to look sharp and be spry, Clancy, if things come to a show-down."

While Clancy watched the two in the cabin, he saw Wynn draw the satchel across the table, open it, and pull a packet of greenbacks from inside. He held up the packet, and laughed. Hogan joined in the laugh.

The motor wizard had a very good look at Captain Hogan, and he did not wonder that Hiram had been deceived into thinking the fellow was his father. The bulging brow, the huge nose, and the retreating chin all conspired to form a countenance that would have claimed attention anywhere. One eye had an evil squint, and it gave to the whole face a crafty expression.

Captain Hogan, it was clear, would never be hung for his good looks, although it would be too much to say that he might not, some time, be strung up for his evil deeds.

Wynn dropped the money into the satchel and sat back on the bench. As usual, he was whiffing at a cigarette. Hogan was smoking a big black cigar.

Neither Clancy nor Katz was so situated that he could hear the conversation going forward between the two in the cabin. The voices sounded from below in considerable volume, but the words ran together in hollow echoes that baffled the ear.

"Go on, Katz," whispered Clancy. "We'll try that scheme. If Hogan leaves the cabin, I'll go down."

"Suppose Wynn stays with the money?"

"I guess I can take care of Wynn."

"Well, here's hopin'. I'd like to crack out a winnin', this play. Sit tight, now, and listen to the meller trill o' my bazoo."

The motor wizard remained at his post while Katz crept back to the after part of the boat. Then, suddenly, Katz opened up with a yell for "Hogan! Cap'n Hogan!"

Hogan leaped to his feet, all energy and curiosity in a moment. A startled look crossed Wynn's face, and was clearly visible in the rays of the swinging lamp. The

captain jumped for the companion stairs, closely followed by Wynn. Clancy fell to wondering which side of the deck house they'd travel on their way aft. If they came down his side, then the chances were good for a scrimmage instead of a dash into the cabin.

In the excitement of the moment, the satchel had been left entirely unprotected on the cabin table.

As luck would have it, Hogan and Wynn ran along the alley across from the one in which Clancy was lying. The time had now come for Clancy to act, and, without loss of a moment, he gained the companion, and made his way swiftly down the steep stairs.

He could hear a sound of husky voices and a tramp of quick feet from aft. What was going on, between the captain and Wynn, on one side, and Katz, on the other, was a mystery. Clancy did not waste time in any guessing, but grabbed up the satchel and started with it on his return up the companion stairs.

But he only started. As he began going up at the bottom, some one began coming down from the top. The fellow above was in as big a hurry as Clancy, and he lost his footing on the steep stairs and came below with a rush.

The motor wizard was caught full by the descending form, and knocked flat. His game shoulder, as he fell, struck against the corner of a locker with cruel force, and a cry of pain was wrenched from his lips. Almost as soon as he was down he was up again, and he had not let go of the satchel.

The other fellow was also on his feet. It was Gerald Wynn! Wynn stared at Clancy as though he could hardly credit the evidence of his senses.

"You—here!" Wynn gulped.

No answer was necessary. Besides, with Clancy time was pressing. Taking advantage of Wynn's surprise, the motor wizard attempted to push by him and get to the deck. Wynn, however, had full use of his limbs and his faculties.

"Give me that satchel!" he cried, and tried to snatch the grip out of Clancy's hand.

Clancy evaded him with a deft leap sideways. Wynn swore savagely, and struck at the motor wizard with his clenched fist.

Clancy blocked the blow with his game arm—hurting it so that he almost felt as though it had been struck by lightning. Then his other fist shot out, catching Wynn fairly, and driving him against the bulkhead.

Clancy had to drop the satchel while executing his defense. He now grabbed it from the floor, and plunged on up the companionway. As he emerged through the companion doors, he beheld a form bulking largely in the half gloom. It was Captain Hogan, braced in the passageway between the top of the deck house and the rail, and leveling a revolver at the crouching form of Katz.

"Stand where you are, you 'bloomin' beach comber," yelled Hogan, "or I'll blow a hole through you!"

Katz swore, and continued his forward movement.

"Last call!" went on the captain. "Another step this way and I'll shoot!"

"You're a robber!" cried Katz. "You and Wynn, between you, have skinned me out of seventy-five hundred dollars!"

"Where did you get the money?" demanded Hogan ironically. "It's no crime to skin a skinner—or to shoot one. either. Here's where you get yours!"

Before Hogan could pull the trigger, Clancy sprang upon him from behind, and forced his revolver hand downward. The weapon exploded, and a bullet plumped into the deck.

While the captain was struggling with the motor wizard, Katz ran forward and wrenched away the six-shooter.

"Let go o' him, Clancy!" panted Katz. "I've got him now. The old sea shark will do as I say or take the same medicine he's been threatenin' to hand me."

Clancy flung himself from Hogan, and the latter stood at bay under the muzzle of the revolver.

"You're a measly pirate," flamed Hogan, "to come aboard of me and carry on like you're doing!"

"I'm no worse'n you, if I am a pirate!" snarled Katz. "Put your hands to your back. Clancy, get another piece o' that rope and make Hogan's arms fast."

Clancy put down the satchel and followed his companion's orders.

"Now sit down, Hogan!" snapped Katz.

"What's your scheme?" demanded the captain.

"To put you out o' the runnin'. Drop on the deck, I tell you!"

Katz flourished the revolver, as he spoke. Hogan lowered himself to the planks on which he was standing, easing his pent-up feelings wrathfully as he did so.

"Now a half hitch around his legs, Clancy," said Katz, and Clancy came around with the end of the rope and got the captain's legs in limbo.

"You're a fine pair of grafters!" sneered the irate Hogan. "I hope I live to manhandle you for this night's work."

Far off across the water could be heard a screech of oars in the locks, and a faint sound of voices. Hogan, aware that some of his men were coming from the pier, lifted his voice in a loud roar for help.

Katz, cursing furiously, sprang toward him and drew back his fist to strike. Clancy caught the arm before it could deal the blow, and saved the captain from such savage brutality. Katz turned on the motor wizard.

"Oh, you!" he yelled. "I reckon I'm about done with this foolin'. Gi' me that satchel!"

"I'll keep this," returned Clancy. "The money in it belongs to me."

"Blamed if I care who it belongs to, I'm goin' to have it. Fork over!" Katz pushed the point of the revolver in Clancy's face. "Fork, I tell you, or take the consequences."

Clancy dropped the satchel.

CHAPTER XII.

MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR.

Yes, Clancy dropped the satchel. It was the only thing for him to do, under the circumstances. He had discretion as well as bravery.

Besides, Clancy was facing the companionway and Katz had his back to it. The motor wizard could see something which escaped Katz entirely, and that was the stealthy advance of Gerald Wynn through the companion doors.

Wynn would soon be a factor in the situation. There was nothing he could do which would make the run of events worse than they already were for Clancy.

What had happened showed the folly of putting any

trust in a desperado. It was through Clancy's efforts that Katz had been freed from his dangerous predicament in Captain Hogan's bungalow. But Katz did not give any consideration to that when the time came for him to turn the tables and secure the satchel for himself.

Perhaps, all Katz had helped Clancy for was the hope that just such an opportunity would come his way. Now that the opportunity had come, he was making the most of it.

"Katz is doing you dirt, eh?" rumbled the captain, turning his eyes upon Clancy.

"He forgets how I saved him at your bungalow," said the motor wizard.

"If you pulled him out of that scrape, then, keelhaul me, you deserve all he gives you!"

Katz laughed in ugly fashion.

"I'll get back what you and Wynn stole from me!" he remarked, stooping over to pick up the satchel.

As he bent down, two things happened. They happened very suddenly, too:

Clancy and Wynn sprang toward Katz at the same time—Clancy for the satchel and Wynn for the revolver. The work of both was excellent, for each got what he went after.

The approaching boat, by that time, was close alongside. In another moment, Hogan and Wynn would be supplied with reinforcements.

"Give me that!" yelled Katz, jumping toward Clancy.

Here the captain took a part in the combat. Bound though he was, he swung his feet upward suddenly and powerfully. Katz was struck in the side and toppled to the deck.

Four men came bounding over the bulwarks. "Captain!" they called; "where are you, captain?"

"Here!" yelled the captain. "Make prisoners of these two fellows, Katz and Clancy. Katz is on the deck, there, and Clancy—"

Clancy was just going over the side and into the water, so it was impossible to make a prisoner of him. He took the valuable satchel along.

"Get back into that boat, two of you," bellowed Hogan, "and snake that red-headed streak of lightning out of the water and back aboard the *Sylvia*! Look alive, now! A hundred-dollar bonus to the man who captures Clancy and recovers the satchel he's got with him!"

Two of the men flung themselves into the boat and put off. The other two gave their first attention to Bob Katz, and bound him with the rope which was taken from the captain. So Katz, as it will be seen, was left in the hands of his enemies, thereby getting vastly more than he had bargained for.

Meanwhile, the motor wizard was swimming. He was perfectly at home in the water, and, even though he was handicapped with a game shoulder, he found no difficulty in keeping afloat with the satchel, and in spite of the weight of his wet clothes.

"Clancy!" called a voice across the water. "Where are you, Clancy?"

Two boats, at that moment, were searching for the motor wizard. One, of course, held enemies and was coming from the *Sylvia*, the other, carrying Hill and Burton, was approaching from the pier.

It was Hiram Hill who had hailed. Clancy knew, for he had recognized the voice.

"This way, Hiram!" the motor wizard cried.

Two boats were aimed in Clancy's direction, and two pairs of oars struck the water.

"Crack your back, Burton!" yelled Hill. "If you want to get even with Wynn, now's your chance! Do your prettiest! The two men from the *Sylvia* are trying to beat us to Clancy—and it's a close race."

Hill could see the dark form in the water, and the black shadow of the other boat rushing toward it. An idea flashed through his mind—an idea as dangerous as it might possibly be successful.

"Starboard oar, Burton!" he whooped. "Hard on the starboard oar!"

Burton's back was to the exciting little scene. He could only obey orders as he heard them. All his strength went suddenly into the starboard oar. The boat began to whirl; and then:

Crash! The bow of the craft swung against the side of the boat from the *Sylvia*. The *Sylvia's* men were dumped into the water, but Hill flung himself on the port gunwale of his own boat and kept it from turning turtle.

Burton, hurled from his seat by the force of the collision, picked himself up and took note of the situation Hill had caused. Two life preservers came whizzing from the deck of the *Sylvia*, and the two men in the water each grabbed one.

"Bully!" yelled Burton, as Hill helped Clancy aboard. "There's the satchel! Clancy brought away the grip with the money! Oh, this is better than I hoped for!"

The motor wizard dropped with a splash into the bottom of the boat. While Hill held up his head and wrung the water out of his red hair, Burton got back on the midship thwart and grabbed the oars.

"Where's Katz, Clancy?" Hill asked.

"He must be on the *Sylvia*," Clancy answered.

"No use trying to go back after him, is there?"

"Great Scott, no! Hogan and Wynn would get the satchel away from me, if we went back. Anyhow, we're not indebted to Bob Katz for anything. If he hadn't turned on me, at the last moment, and taken the satchel away at the point of a gun, he and I would both have got clear of the *Sylvia* in the dinghy. Katz is to blame for what happened."

"That's like him!" growled Burton. "He's getting it all around. See what he did to me!"

"He's a pesky varmint!" grunted Hill. "He might 'a' died, there in Hogan's bungalow, if it hadn't been for Clancy. It was almost the same as turnin' on the fellow that saved his life. I ain't got no use for such coyotes."

Clancy sat up on the boat's bottom and looked in the direction of the *Sylvia*. The yacht's dinghy could be dimly discerned, putting off to the rescue of the two men in the water.

"I'm in luck to be safe out of that mess!" muttered Clancy. "Where were you when those four fellows from the *Sylvia* came down to the pier?"

"We saw that Hogan and Wynn weren't among them," Hill answered, "and so we didn't interfere. 'There was a big howl when they couldn't find their dinghy. They managed to get another boat, though, and put off from the pier. A little later we heard the commotion on the *Sylvia* and thought we'd better get a boat of our own and investigate."

"It's lucky you did," said Clancy. "If you hadn't been close enough to pick me up, I'd now be in the hands of Hogan and Wynn, along with Katz—and Hogan and

Wynn would have the money. I guess, taking it by and large, we haven't anything to complain of."

They reached the pier, and made the boat fast to the float from which Hill and Burton had taken it. The excitement in the bay had not been heard, and there was no one besides themselves moving about the pier.

Clancy, carrying the water-soaked satchel, slopped and splashed his way to the street, followed by his two companions. On the sidewalk the motor wizard paused for a final word with Burton.

"What are you going to do, now that your two pals have passed you up?" Clancy asked.

"I'll work this diving stunt with Mynie Boltwood," Burton answered, "and see if I can't get together a bit of a stake."

"Come around to the Bolingbroke in the morning, Burton, and ask for me."

"Changed your mind? Think you'll turn me over to the police, after all?"

"Haven't any such idea. I think you could be decent, if you'd give your mind to it. What's the matter with turning over a new leaf and trying to be honest from now on?"

"When I want to hear a sermon," sneered Burton, turning on his heel, "I know where to go."

Without pausing to hear or to say anything further, he passed rapidly down the street, and vanished in the night.

"What do you want to see him in the mornin' for?" queried Hill curiously.

"I'd like to grubstake him," answered Clancy.

"You'd—what?"

The motor wizard repeated his words.

"Well, I'm blessed!" murmured Hill. "Why, Hank Burton is one of the three who helped Lafe Wynn nearly ruin you! And now you talk o' grubstakin' him. That red hair of yours certainly covers a lot of foolish ideas."

"Burton is the best of Gerald's old gang, Hiram," said Clancy, as the two walked in the direction of the Bolingbroke House.

"That ain't a-sayin' a heap in his favor."

"He's a whole lot better than Bob Katz."

"Not much in that, nuther. But you won't have no chance to grubstake Burton, Clancy. He won't show up in the mornin'."

They reached the hotel, secured a room, and Clancy at once got out of his wet clothes. He was so tired and sleepy that he dozed off without thinking anything about the water-soaked satchel.

Hill, however, had the satchel on his mind, and took good care of it. When Clancy awoke in the morning, the bright sun was streaming in at the two windows of the room. On the floor in front of the windows Hill had spread two newspapers; and on these newspapers, where the warm sun would strike them, he had spread out the bank notes that had gone into the ocean with Clancy the night before.

It was pleasant work for Hiram, drying all that money. He whistled joyously as he changed the wet bills around, shifting the driest to the shade and the wettest to the place where they would receive the hottest part of the sun's rays.

"How much is there, all together, Hiram?" Clancy asked.

"You're shy just half of the fifteen thousand, Clancy," was the reply; "there's only seventy-five hundred here—hardly enough to bother with."

CHAPTER XIII.

A "WIRELESS" FOR LAFE.

Clancy was startled. He had only been half as successful as he thought he had.

"Well, thunder!" he exclaimed, sitting up in bed. "Last night, Hiram, I was sure I had all the money that had been taken from Phoenix by Lafe."

"This was Bob Katz's satchel, wasn't it?" Hill asked, nodding toward the grip.

"Yes."

"Well, Katz said he had only seventy-five hundred in it, when it was taken from him by Hogan and Wynn."

"That's so," mused Clancy. "I didn't have much time, last night, to reason matters out to a fine point. Half a loaf is better than no bread, though, I've heard say. I hadn't dreamed of recovering a cent of that fifteen thousand. Lafe and I are just so much ahead."

A knock fell on the door. Hill answered the summons and admitted Hank Burton.

"Well, by golly!" exclaimed Hill.

"What's the matter?" queried Burton sourly.

"I told Clancy I didn't think you'd come. 'Seein' you sort o' surprised me."

"What made you think I wouldn't come?" demanded Burton.

"Oh, the way you acted, the way you talked, and your low-down character, gen'rally."

Burton flushed and scowled. Turning away from Hill he addressed himself to Clancy.

"Here I am," said he. "Why did you want me to call here this morning?"

"I want to give you a grubstake," answered the motor wizard. "Hiram, if there are five dry twenty-dollar bills in that heap, give them to Burton."

Burton started, stared at Clancy, and then watched Hill while he knelt down and selected five twenties from the drying bills.

"What are you doing this for?" asked Burton falteringly.

"Just trying to give you a little boost in the right direction."

"I'm not entitled to any of that money!"

"I think you are. You earned something last night. Take the hundred, Burton, and see if you can't be square."

The young fellow's face paled, then the color dyed his cheeks. He stood looking down at the floor, then presently lifted his head and moved slightly toward Clancy and half raised his hand. Then he paused, once more, whirled suddenly, and got out of the room as fast as he could.

Hill had been watching these strange maneuvers in frank amazement. "I reckon he's locoed," he said, as soon as the door had closed behind Burton.

"No," returned Clancy, "his gratitude was trying to express itself, but couldn't quite make it. He has had his lesson, Hiram, and will profit by it."

"He has profited a hundred dollars' worth, anyhow," commented Hill dryly. "This Happy Trail of yours, Clancy, is a mighty queer one, seems to me. For a ways, it follows the one I took in huntin' for dad; then it branches off and points straight toward Gerald Wynn and his gang. Now here we are at the end of it—and you're seventy-five hundred to the good."

Clancy laughed.

"Get me a pencil and a piece of paper, Hiram," he requested.

Hiram found the writing materials and Clancy wrote out the following message:

"LAFE WYNN, Phoenix, Arizona: Luck. Seventy-five hundred of the missing fifteen thousand recovered. Cheer up. Happy Trail panning out better than expected. Still gunning for Hill's father. CLANCY."

"Right across the street," said Clancy, "is a wireless station. Take this message over there, Hiram, and let the Hertzian waves get busy with it at once."

"On the jump!" answered Hill.

"Better take a five-dollar bill with you," Clancy suggested.

Hill picked up the bank note.

"I'd like to see that money get dry before we spend it all," he complained, and then went out with the wireless message for Lafe.

"Wonder if Lafe will feel any different when he gets that?" Clancy murmured, smiling happily. "I know I'm feeling a whole lot different myself!"

THE END.

"Owen Clancy's Double Trouble; or, The Motor Wizard's Mystery," concludes the red-headed chap's series of adventures, in the midst of which we have left him at the conclusion of this story. You will find the double-trouble story in the next issue of the weekly, No. 88, out April 4th.

The Snapshot Mystery.

By BERTRAM LEBHAR.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Frank Hawley, the camera man of the *Sentinel*, is sent to the Lunard docks by his city editor to meet the incoming *Musitania*, and obtain a picture of Lord Destyn, a distinguished Englishman who is about to marry the daughter of the American millionaire, Joshua B. Blanchard. After a series of misadventures he arrives at the dock too late to see the celebrity, but learns that the other newspaper men were thwarted in their attempts to get pictures.

Hawley hastens to the Blanchard residence to try his luck at getting an interview with Lord Destyn, and finds a young girl, Ruth Hastings, just leaving the door. She has tried to enter the house, with her camera, on her first assignment from the *Daily News*, but has been repulsed by the haughty butler.

CHAPTER IV.

A VIOLENT SURPRISE.

Hawley remained expectantly silent, hoping that the girl would proceed to tell him her reason for such remarkably violent antipathy toward Lord Destyn's kinsman; but she did not explain the meaning of her strange words, and he felt some delicacy about questioning her on the subject.

After a slight pause, she said: "Well, Mr. Hawley, I'll go back to the office. Are you going, too, or do you intend to try your luck against that butler?"

Again she was calm and smiling. The fierce look which had almost distorted her pretty face and the harsh note in her voice had entirely disappeared. She looked so gentle and serene that the camera man found it difficult to believe that he had just heard her give way to such a violent outburst.

"I don't think I'll give up just yet, Miss Hastings," he said, in answer to her question. "I'll stay and make one or two attempts to land my picture—in spite of the butler."

"But what more is there to be done?" she asked, in a surprised tone. "If you can't get past the dragon at the front door, how do you hope to succeed?"

"Well, there's the telephone, for one thing," replied the camera man. "Haven't you thought of trying the plan of getting Lord Destyn on the wire, and asking him for an interview?"

"No; that idea never occurred to me," she admitted, her face flushing. "How stupid of me! It shows what a raw beginner I am."

"It is an old trick of the trade," said Hawley. "When we are thrown down at the front door, our next step is to try to get our man on the wire. Would you care to come around the corner with me to a pay station and wait while I telephone? If I succeed in getting Lord Destyn to pose for me, I'll be glad to share the picture with you."

"That's very kind of you," said the girl. "Of course, I'll go and be glad to wait. I do hope that you'll be successful."

Her hope was not realized, however. The person who answered Hawley, when he called up Mr. Blanchard's house on a drug-store telephone, seemed to possess the faculty of scenting a newspaper man over the wire, for as soon as the snapshot chap asked for Lord Destyn, the man at the other end cut off the connection, without even taking the trouble to inquire Hawley's name and business.

"Stung!" said Hawley, with a rueful laugh, as he came out of the booth. "I guess plan number two is not going to work. We'll have to try something else."

"What else can you try?" inquired the girl. "I should think you were at the end of your rope now."

"Not quite," Hawley told her. "There *must* be some way of getting in communication with his lordship, and I've simply got to find it."

As they turned the corner and walked slowly back toward the Blanchard mansion, a district messenger boy came slowly along the avenue toward them, glancing up at the numbers on the houses in the leisurely manner of messengers. He was a tall, rawboned youth, and he carried a small, oblong package, about the size of a cigar box.

"Say, boss," he exclaimed, as he came up to Hawley and the girl, "can you tell me which is Mr. Joshua B. Blanchard's joint? These here houses don't seem to have no numbers on 'em."

"J. B. Blanchard's house!" repeated the camera man eagerly. "Is that package for *him*, son?"

"It's for a party that's boarding with him," replied the boy. "A guy named Destyn—see, here's his name on the wrapper—'Lord Destyn, care of Joshua B. Blanchard, Esquire.' Can you tell me which is the house?"

There was a glint of excitement in Hawley's eyes. He

placed his hand eagerly on the messenger's shoulder. "Say, son, walk a little way up the avenue with us, will you? We want to talk business."

The girl's wonder as to what he intended to do was as great as that of the messenger. Hawley soon enlightened them, however.

"Want to make five dollars?" he asked of the boy, as soon as they had turned a corner and were out of sight of anybody who might have been looking out of the windows of the Blanchard house.

"Do I?" returned the youth in uniform. "What have I got to do? Roll a peanut to the ferry?"

"Nothing as difficult as that," said Hawley, producing a five-dollar bill from his pocket, and holding it before the messenger's fascinated gaze. "This is yours if you'll lend me your uniform coat and hat for a few minutes, and let me deliver that package."

The youth grinned. "Say! Do you take me for an easy mark? You can't work no flimflam game like that on me, mister."

"I'm not trying to work any flimflam game on you. I simply want a chance to get in to see Lord Destyn, and this scheme will give it to me. If you are afraid that I intend to steal the package, you can stand outside the house and watch me deliver it."

"All right," said the youngster, apparently reassured. "Hand over the fiver, and I'll peel off me coat. Guess it won't fit you, though. You're bigger than me."

"Guess it *will* be a tight squeeze," agreed Hawley, "but I'll get into it, all right. Lucky they sent such a tall boy as you on this errand."

When the camera man had donned the blue uniform jacket and cap, he presented a ludicrous spectacle. The coat was so tight that it would button only halfway, and the sleeves were four inches too short, while the cap was at least three sizes too small for his head.

"You look like a picture out of a comic supplement," laughed the girl. "Do you really expect that this disguise will enable you to get past that butler?"

"Yes, I think it will," replied Hawley. "Hand me the package, son, and get me that old newspaper lying there on the sidewalk. If I stoop to pick it up, I'll burst every seam in your coat."

He took the newspaper which the boy handed to him, and wrapped it around his camera outfit, that the butler's suspicions might not be aroused. Then, with the package addressed to Lord Destyn under one arm and the camera under the other, he boldly climbed the white marble stoop of the Blanchard mansion, whistling blithely like a regulation messenger boy.

"Is Lord Destyn in, boss?" he inquired of the haughty personage in livery, who responded to his ring. "Got a package for him?"

"All right, you can leave it with me," said the butler, holding out his hand.

"Oh, is that so?" said Hawley, assuming the tough tone of the youth whose uniform he had borrowed. "Well, there's nothin' doin' on that, mister. Me orders was to deliver this into Lord Destyn's own hands, and I ain't goin' to hand it over to nobody else—see?"

"You impertinent monkey!" exclaimed the man in livery. "Do you think his lordship is going to be bothered with the like of you?"

"Well, if I don't see him, he don't get the package,

boss, and that's all there is to it," declared the amateur messenger boy stolidly. "Me orders was to deliver it into his own hands, or bring it back, and I always carry out orders. If you want to turn me down, all right; it's up to you. But, as you can see, it's a very important package, and I guess you'll get yours if his lordship don't get it right away."

As Hawley spoke, he held up the package close to the butler's eyes, and the latter saw that on the wrapper was printed in embossed letters, above the written address: "Consulate General of Great Britain, 17 State Street, New York City."

The man in livery hesitated. He was impressed by what he read. It occurred to him that the package might contain important official papers from the British consulate which must reach the distinguished guest immediately.

"Well, wait here, boy, and I'll go and see whether his ludship will be bothered," he growled. He took the precaution of closing the front door, leaving Hawley standing outside, while he went to inquire whether the noble guest would receive a messenger boy.

In a few minutes he opened the door again, and motioned to the camera man to come inside. "His ludship will see you in the library," he said curtly. "Take off that cap, you young rascal." Hawley, artistically mindful of the character he was playing, had refrained from baring his head as he entered the house. "And take care to answer respectfully when his ludship addresses you, or you'll be reported to your employers."

With a rapidly beating heart, the triumphant camera man followed his guide up the richly carpeted staircase. His ruse had succeeded in getting him into the house. Would it succeed also in landing him the coveted picture? he asked himself anxiously.

His plan was to hand Lord Destyn the package from the British consulate, and then, after his lordship had signed for it, boldly confess who and what he was and beg the Englishman to pose for a flash light for the *Sentinel*.

Hawley hoped that Lord Destyn, being a soldier and a sportsman, would keenly relish his enterprise and daring, and manifest his appreciation of these qualities by good-naturedly consenting to face the camera.

When he entered the library, the disguised camera man saw that it contained three persons—old Mr. Blanchard, his daughter, Miss Hildegard, and the titled Britisher.

Hawley recognized the latter immediately, from the description the man on the pier had given of him. There was no mistaking that large, beaklike nose and the exceedingly homely, although strong, face.

"Come heah, boy!" commanded Lord Destyn genially. "I understand that you have a parcel which you insist upon delivering to me in person. Jolly commendable I call such persistency, my dear Blanchard, eh what?"

Elated at this reception, Hawley stepped forward, and handed the package to the nobleman. If the latter was so tickled by the persistency of a messenger boy, thought the camera man, how much more amused he would be when he learned the truth.

"A parcel from the British consulate, eh?" remarked his lordship, glancing at the wrapper. "I wonder what my deah old friend Sir Percy is sending me. Looks like a box of cigars, eh what?"

As the Englishman took a paper knife from the library table, and began to break the seal, Hawley exclaimed boldly: "Lord Destyn, I want to——"

But he did not finish the sentence, for just then there came a flash of flame from the oblong package in his lordship's hands, a loud report, a cloud of smoke, and a cry of horror from everybody in the room.

CHAPTER V.

HAWLEY'S CHANCE.

To have an infernal machine go off suddenly and unexpectedly in his hands is enough to stagger even the coolest and bravest of men.

A sharp cry escaped from Lord Destyn's lips as the explosion came, and he dropped the smoking package to the floor. Hawley was amazed, however, at the quickness with which the Englishman rallied, and recovered his composure.

As the cloud of smoke drifted toward the carved-wood ceiling of the library, his lordship calmly stooped, picked up the infernal machine, and turned with a smile to the three other white-faced persons.

"Nobody hurt, I see," he remarked cheerfully. "This beastly thing's bark seems to be much worse than its bite, eh what?"

"Oh, Roger!" exclaimed Miss Blanchard hysterically. "You might have been killed!"

"Killed! By Jove! It takes more than a little thing like that to kill a tough old soldier like me, my dear. Rotten trick, I call it, though, on the part of whoever sent me this infernal thing. If it's a joke, it's in deucedly wretched taste, eh what? I'm quite sure that it never came from my dear friend, Sir Percy, you know."

Old Blanchard fixed his keen eyes upon Hawley, whose face was very pale.

"Young man," he said sternly, "where did you get that package? Who sent you here with it?"

"I—I don't know, sir," stammered the camera man. Intuitively he knew that this would be a bad time to confess his imposture, so he decided to keep up the rôle of a messenger boy. "I don't know where it came from. I wasn't in the office when it was brought in. No doubt the manager can give you some clues as to the identity of the person responsible for this outrage."

In his excitement, he had forgotten to retain the tough talk which went with his rôle; but nobody present seemed to notice this.

"Of course, this young chap is not to blame," said his lordship. "He was simply carrying out orders, you know, when he delivered it. No wonder he was told to be sure to place it in my own hands, eh what?"

He examined the still-smoking package. "Let us look this over and see what we can make of it," he said. "I am not sure yet whether this is merely some silly ass' wretched idea of a practical joke or something more serious. It doesn't strike me that this thing could have contained gunpowder, you know. The report was loud, but I think there would have been a deuced lot more damage done if it had been charged with a dangerous explosive, eh what?"

"Hullo!" he went on excitedly. "There seems to be a letter tucked away here, at the bottom of the package. Let's see what it says."

He drew out a square of yellow paper, on which was some typewriting, and read aloud:

"LORD DESTYN: This is not meant to injure you. It is intended merely to scare you and to make you realize our power.

"For this reason we have charged it with the harmless flash-light powder used by photographers, instead of with a powerful explosive.

"We warn you, however, that unless you do our bidding you will not escape so lightly next time."

"We command you to return to England immediately and to give up all idea of marrying Miss Blanchard. Our young American girls are not for worthless Britishers such as you.

"TAKE WARNING, THAT IF YOU REFUSE TO DO OUR BIDDING, AND PERSIST IN YOUR RASCALLY DETERMINATION TO WED MISS BLANCHARD, YOU WILL BE PUNISHED BY A VIOLENT DEATH.

"Yours very sincerely,

"THE SPIRIT OF '76."

For a full half minute after his lordship finished reading this remarkable communication, nobody spoke.

Then Hildegard Blanchard broke the tense silence by exclaiming tremulously: "Father, this is serious. You must notify the police at once."

"Yes, and the Pinkertons, too," declared her father. "The rascal who sent this must be placed behind bars before he has a chance to do any real damage."

Lord Destyn laughed as if amused. "Deucedly rum go, I call it. But I wouldn't take it so seriously if I were you. The person who is responsible for this outrage is undoubtedly dotty, you know. Bats in his belfry and all that sort of thing. Of course he's really quite harmless, though. If he were at all dangerous, he'd have blown me up this time instead of letting me off with a warning, eh what?"

"It seems to me," began Hawley, but when he had got thus far old Blanchard cut him off.

"I don't think we require your presence here any longer, young man," he said. "You've heard entirely too much, as it is. We'll take your number, and let you go on your way."

Miss Blanchard stepped up to her father, and whispered something in his ear. "Quite right, my dear," said the old man, with a nod, and, taking a twenty-dollar bill from his pocket, he held it toward the supposed messenger boy.

"You look like a discreet youth," he said, with a keen look at Hawley. "If you know how to keep your mouth shut, there will be another bill like this coming to you later on. I want you to promise me that you will not breathe a word about this affair to a single soul. It would be very painful to us to have the matter get into the newspapers."

"Yes," added Miss Blanchard; "the notoriety would be perfectly awful." She turned to Hawley. "If you will say nothing about what you have seen and heard, young man, my father will not only pay you well, but he will find you a position in his office. You appear too old and much too intelligent to be wearing a messenger's uniform. Come, will you give us your promise?"

"I am sorry, Miss Blanchard, but I can't do it," replied Hawley, deciding that the time had come to speak out

and reveal his real reason for being there. "Please put back your money, Mr. Blanchard. You would simply be wasting it by giving it to me. This is much too good a story to keep out of the *Sentinel*."

"What's that?" gasped the Wall Street magnate, looking as if he was about to have an apoplectic stroke. "The *Sentinel*? What do you mean?"

"You see, I am not really a messenger boy," explained the snapshot chap. "I simply volunteered for the job for this occasion only. My name is Hawley, and I have the honor of being a member of the *Sentinel's* staff."

"Then you are responsible for this outrage?" spluttered Mr. Blanchard, pointing to the remains of the infernal machine on the table.

"No, I give you my word of honor that I had no idea what was in the package when I undertook to deliver it," declared Hawley. "The real messenger boy, who is outside the house now, waiting for me to return this coat and hat to him, will bear witness to that."

"Then perhaps you will be good enough to explain why you have resorted to this—this audacious masquerade?" demanded Hildegard Blanchard.

She spoke sternly, but the camera man fancied he detected an amused twinkle in her blue eyes.

"I had to do it, Miss Blanchard," he explained. "You see, I wanted to persuade Lord Destyn to pose for a photograph for to-morrow morning's issue of the *Sentinel*, and there didn't seem to be any other way of getting past your butler."

Old Blanchard glared at him, and appeared to be about to turn loose the torrent of his wrath, but before he could utter a word, Lord Destyn broke into a loud laugh.

"By Jove! What cool cheek!" he chuckled. "Your Yankee newspaper chaps are certainly confoundingly clever, Blanchard. We haven't anything like them at home. I don't like to be photographed, but, 'pon my honor, I've half a mind to give this cheeky rascal a sitting. What do you say, Hildegard?"

The girl turned to the camera man eagerly. "We'll make you an offer," she said. "Lord Destyn will pose for a photograph if you will give us your promise that not a word will appear in your paper about this—this explosive thing. What do you say?"

Hawley hesitated. He was a camera man, not a reporter. It was his business to get pictures, not to gather news. After all the trouble he had taken to land Lord Destyn's photograph, it seemed a great pity to turn it down, now that it was within his grasp. He was strongly tempted to accept Miss Blanchard's alluring proposal and let the story go. But he realized what a big piece of news it would be for his paper, and he resolutely put aside the temptation.

"I am sorry, Miss Blanchard, that I can't oblige you," he said. "I guess the *Sentinel* would rather have the story than the picture."

"Very well," said old Blanchard grimly, and as he spoke he pressed an ivory button at the edge of the library table.

"James," he said to the butler who appeared at the door, "show this man out of the house."

Half an hour later, when Hawley entered the editorial room of the *Sentinel*, the city editor exclaimed testily:

"Oh, here you are at last! I was just thinking that you must have fallen off the pier and got drowned. Got Lord Destyn's picture?"

"No, sir," replied the camera man gloomily; "but I have brought something else instead." In as few words as possible, he reported what had happened in the Blanchard mansion.

"Whoop!" exclaimed Ingraham enthusiastically, when Hawley had finished. "That's a corking good yarn. We'll run a couple of columns of it on the front page. We'll scoop the town with it."

He turned anxiously to the camera man. "Of course, it *will* be a scoop, won't it, Hawley? We've got it all to ourselves, eh?"

"Not quite, sir," replied Hawley, flushing. "I believe one other paper will have it—the *Daily News*."

CHAPTER VI.

ARRIVAL OF LORD GLASTER.

Thanks to Hawley's generosity, Ruth Hastings made a big hit in the *Daily News* office when she returned from her first assignment.

The city editor of the *News*, like the main gazabo of the *Sentinel*, was a hundred times more pleased with the important piece of news she brought him than he would have been with a photograph of Lord Destyn.

"We can get along without the picture, Miss Hastings," he said; "but if the *Sentinel* had scooped us on this big yarn you've brought I should have felt mighty sore. It's a crackajack story. How did you manage to get it?"

"I got it from—the messenger boy who delivered the package," stammered the camera girl, the blood rushing to her cheeks. "He told me all about it when he came out of the house."

It was not ingratitude to Hawley which caused her to give this truthful yet misleading answer. The camera man, realizing that she would be questioned by her editor as to where and how she had obtained her information, had made her promise that she would reply in just these words.

His reasons for taking this precaution were two. He wanted the girl to get the credit of landing the story herself, and he wished to guard against the possibility of his own city editor's learning that he, Hawley, had deliberately thrown away a scoop by handing the story to a *News* representative.

Not that Hawley felt guilty about what he had done. Much as he would have liked to keep the story for his paper exclusively, he had felt compelled to share it with the girl.

Had he not promised to give her a copy of Lord Destyn's picture, if he succeeded in getting it? And had he not deliberately thrown away their chance to get the picture, for the sake of the story? Consequently, he reasoned, was it not only fair that she should have the story, too?

He was glad that he could satisfy his conscience by this argument, for, anyway, he would have hated to see Ruth Hastings go back to her office and report that she had "fallen down" on her first assignment.

Chapman, the city editor of the *Daily News*, was a grouchy little man who suffered from chronic dyspepsia, and was never seen to smile.

He was not much in favor of employing women to do newspaper work. He considered it a great nuisance to have them "fussing around the office." A good friend of his, however, had sent Ruth Hastings to him with a strong

letter of introduction, and he had been persuaded to "give her a show."

When she brought in the story of the infernal machine which had been sent to Lord Destyn, he was inclined to believe that she was going to make good at the newspaper game.

"If she proves not quite satisfactory as a photographer," he said to himself, "I'll try her as a reporter. She seems to be a nice girl. Not much fuss or nonsense about her, and as easy to get along with as a man."

The next day, however, something happened which caused him to revise his good opinion of the camera girl. This incident took place when he endeavored to send her out on her second assignment.

"Miss Hastings," he called to her. "Take your camera and run up to the Grand Central Station immediately."

"Yes, sir," she responded, coming over to his desk, camera in hand.

"Lord Glaster is coming in from Canada," he explained. "He's Lord Destyn's cousin, you know, and is to be best man at the wedding. He's coming in on a special which is due at the Grand Central at five sharp. Go up and get his picture."

The girl's face had turned white. "If you please, sir," she faltered, "I'd rather not take that assignment."

The city editor scowled. His dyspepsia was troubling him greatly just then, and he was feeling unusually grouchy.

"What's that?" he snapped. "You'd rather not take it? What do you mean by that?"

"There are—personal reasons why I—I don't want to meet Lord Glaster," she stammered.

"Let me tell you that personal reasons don't cut any ice in the newspaper business, Miss Hastings," growled Chapman. "I can't permit members of my staff to dictate to me what assignments I shall give them. If you want to get along in this business you've got to obey orders."

"But—" began the girl falteringly. He silenced her by roughly pounding his desk with his fist.

"How much longer are you going to stand here arguing?" he shouted. "If you don't hurry up you'll miss that train. If you don't want to take the assignment, Miss Hastings, you can leave it; but in that case we shan't require your services any longer on the *News*."

Tears came to the girl's eyes. She made no further attempt to argue the matter. "Very well," she said quietly; "if you insist, I'll go and get the picture."

Chapman had the grace to feel somewhat ashamed of his display of brutality as he watched her walk swiftly across the room and out of the door. He made no effort to call her back, however.

"If there's anything I hate," he muttered, "it's to have one of my staff balk at an assignment. That's the trouble with employing women. They've got too many fads and fancies. Guess this one isn't going to be any better than the rest of 'em, even though she did start in so well."

When the girl arrived at the Grand Central Station, fifteen minutes later, she found a dozen reporters and an equal number of camera men grouped on the concourse, awaiting the arrival of the special which was bringing Lord Glaster to New York.

Among them was Hawley, of the *Sentinel*. He came

over to her and greeted her cordially, and they were chatting together when the special pulled into the station.

The group of reporters and photographers rushed toward the platform gate, the latter adjusting their cameras so as to be in readiness to take a snapshot of the Englishman as soon as he came into sight.

Lord Glaster was a tall, blond, good-looking young man, with the soldierly carriage and stride of an English army officer. He had headed a regiment in the Boer war, and had distinguished himself by conspicuous gallantry in several battles.

Unlike his cousin, Lord Destyn, he did not appear to have any objection to being photographed or interviewed, for he smiled good-naturedly when he saw the battery of cameras leveled at him and the throng of reporters waiting to pounce on him.

"And you're all here expressly on my account, are you?" he chuckled, as he drew near to them. "By Jove! What a jolly lot of you? This is quite a reception to give a fellow, isn't it?"

He adjusted his monocle, and gazed with interest upon the group gathered around him. "My word! What a lot of cameras! Hope you all get good pictures. If any of you missed fire, I'll let you try again, if you like. Don't mind it a bit, y'know."

Suddenly his gaze rested upon Ruth Hastings—the only woman in the crowd—and Hawley saw a puzzled look come to his face as he stared intently at the girl.

"Beg pardon," he said, stepping closer to her. "Haven't we met somewhere before?"

"Never," she answered, returning his gaze steadily. But Hawley, glancing at her, saw that her face was very white, and that she was trembling.

"I beg your pardon for asking," said his lordship. "Your face seems so very familiar, y'know. 'Pon my honor, if you hadn't said no, I'd have been ready to swear that we'd met somewhere. Yes, really."

"No, Lord Glaster, you and I have never met before," declared the girl tensely. "No doubt you are thinking of my twin brother, Robert. He was killed in the South African war."

"By Jove! yes. That must be it!" exclaimed his lordship. "Killed in the war, was he? Sorry to hear it, y'know. Which one of our regiments did he serve with?"

"None," replied the girl, her eyes flashing scornfully. "He wasn't on your side at all. He fought with the Boers."

"Oh, did he, really!" said his lordship, so disconcerted that he dropped his monocle. "Dear me! And how was he killed?"

"He was shot as a spy," she answered, her voice so tense that it was almost a hiss. "He was captured within the British lines and shot dead, Lord Glaster, by your order."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE COSSACKS.

The Cossacks are a race of freemen. The entire territory belongs to the Cossack commune, and every individual has an equal right to the use of the land, together with the pastures, hunting grounds, and fisheries. The Cossacks pay no taxes to the government, but in lieu of this—and here you see the connection between them and the Russian government—they are bound to perform

military service. They are divided into three classes—first, the minors up to their sixteenth year; secondly, those on actual service for a period of twenty-five years; therefore, until their forty-second year; thirdly, those released from service, who remain for five years, or until their forty-seventh year in the reserve, after which period they are regarded as wholly released from service and invalided. Every Cossack is obliged to equip, clothe, and arm himself at his own expense, and to keep his horse. While on service beyond the frontiers of his own country, he receives rations of food and provender, and a small amount of pay. The artillery and train are at the charge of the government. Instead of imposing taxes on the Don Cossacks, the Russian government pays them an annual tribute, varying in peace and war, together with grants to be distributed among the widows and orphans of those who have fallen in battle.

A SATIRICAL REWARD.

There was perhaps more satire than gratitude in the reward bestowed by a French lady on a surgeon for bleeding her—an operation in which the lancet was so clumsily used that an artery was severed and the poor woman bled to death. When she recognized that she was dying she made a will in which she left the operator a life annuity of eight hundred francs on condition "that he never again bleeds anybody as long as he lives."

DODGED THE TRAP.

Doctor James B. Angell tells in his reminiscences the following enjoyable story of his college days at Brown University under the presidency of Doctor Wayland:

The doctor's son, Heman Lincoln Wayland, one of my classmates, inherited from his father a very keen wit. The passages between father and son were often entertaining to the class. One day, when we were considering a chapter in the father's textbook on moral philosophy, Lincoln rose with an expression of great solemnity and respect and said:

"Sir, I would like to propound a question."

"Well, sir, what is it?" was the reply.

"Well, sir," said the son, "in the learned author's work which we are now perusing I observe the following remark," and then he quoted.

The class saw that fun was at hand and began to laugh.

"Well, what of it?" asked the father, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"Why," continued the son, "in another work of the same learned author, entitled 'On the Limitation of Human Responsibility,' I find the following passage."

He quoted again. Clearly the two passages were irreconcilable. The boys were delighted to see that the doctor was in a trap and broke into loud laughter.


"Well, what of it?" asked the doctor, and his eyes twinkled still more merrily.

"Why," said the son, with the utmost gravity, "it has occurred to me that I should like to know how the learned author reconciles the two statements."

"Oh," said the father, "that is simple enough. It only shows that since he wrote the first book the learned author has learned something."

THE COMPASS

News From All Points



Books for Trainers and Athletes.

So many inquiries reach us from week to week concerning the various manuals on athletic development, which we publish, that we have decided to keep a list of them standing here. Any number can be had by mail by remitting 10 cents, and 3 cents postage, for each copy, to the publishers.

"Frank Merriwell's Book of Physical Development."

"The Art of Boxing and Self-defense," by Professor Donovan.

"Physical Health Culture," by Professor Fourmen.

Wants to Exchange Post Cards.

PROFESSOR FOURMEN: It was with great pleasure that I read in TIP TOP of your return to this country.

I have been a reader of the TIP TOP for three years now, and I think it is the ideal weekly of the age. I would like very much to get in touch with other readers of your great paper.

Although the Items of Interest were interesting to read, they are nothing like the good old Applause Column.

The part I like best in the Merriwell stories is the way Mr. Standish keeps the reader interested all the way through. They are not like most stories, because you can't tell how they are going to end. There is something new all the time.

I would like some of the TIP TOP post cards. And it will be a pleasure to exchange cards with any of our Merriwell admirers. I hope to hear from some of them soon. I remain for the TIP TOP always,

Elgin, Ill. 351 Chicago Street. WM. DE GARIS.

Has Read "Tip Top" from No. 1.

Was pleased to note the return of the Applause Column to TIP TOP. I believe it will serve to increase the popularity of your long-famed and world-renowned "King of Weeklies," and thought this an appropriate time to drop you this note of appreciation.

I have followed your weekly from No. 1, OLD TIP TOP, to date, and can recommend it to any friend as the weekly that stands alone. There are no others in its class.

Although I never expect the Frank, junior's, to equal the old-time stories, I find them all good.

I will deem it a favor if you will tell me if I can get any of the Merriwell stories in the cloth binding, which were published several years ago.

This tribute probably sounds a little strong, but, sincerely, every word is sent in good faith, and I am sure hosts of others who have followed the Merriwell adventures for any length of time join with me.

I don't wish to appear as "butting in," but don't you think a few illustrations in your *New Medal* books would aid in increasing interest in this fine series of stories, and interest to the readers?

Please send me a set of the postal cards formerly sent to TIP TOP readers, if you still have them.

With best wishes for a successful future to Street & Smith, a long life to Burt, the author, I will end, hoping to long remain a true Tip-Topper.

Gravette, Arkansas.

H. WYRIC LEWIS.

P. S.—Would welcome some of the OLD TIP TOP characters back to the front. Some of Frank or Dick's old-time friends and schoolmates.

You are certainly a loyal Tip-Topper, and we thank you for your letter of praise, and for its suggestions. The Merriwell stories have never been bound in cloth, but you can find them all in *The New Medal Library*. The post cards have been mailed to you.

Some Suggestions.

I have read TIP TOP for over a year now, and I buy it every week. It is an excellent weekly, and I think the revival of the Applause Column will make it more interesting.

In G. Patient's letter, in No. 79, he asks for some TIP TOP post cards. I don't know what they are, but if you have another set, I would like to have it.

Has the joking quality died out of the Merriwell family? I notice that Frank, junior, takes life too seriously. Too much association with grown people. Let's have a joke now and then. Also, it's about time young Frank's girl is introduced to the reader, don't you think?

Hoping to see part of my letter in the TIP TOP at some early issue, I am, yours truly,

ROSSELL NOTHWARY.

Little Rock, Ark. 2609 Battery Street.

We have mailed you the post cards. Thank you for your suggestions. There is a humorous character coming in the Clancy stories that we think you will like.

A Poet Tip-topper.

Upon opening a recent number of TIP TOP, I discovered, to my great delight, that you have reopened the Applause Column. I have read most of the Merriwell stories, but I have never written to the Applause Column before, so I think it is about time. I agree with Mr. Charles W. Meyers that when the Professor Fourmen and Applause were left out, and also when Frank and Dick were dropped, there was surely something lacking. Frank Merriwell, junior, is all right, but, to my mind, he will never quite come up to his father and uncle; but, of course, I expect him to improve as he grows older. I do not like the

Owen Clancy stories. I think they just about spoil the series. I hope that Dick will soon win back his fortune, which he lost in the revolution. What about June Arlington, and all of Dick's old friends, especially Jim Stretcher? I hope that old Joe Crowfoot is still among the living. I would like very much to see Bart Hodge's daughter in the stories. I also read the *Top-Notch Magazine*, and I like it next to TIP TOP. I like the adventure stories the best, but the athletic stories are good, also. I have a little doggerel here that I would like to see in print:

Now, boys, fill up your glasses,
In calm weather as well as in blizzard,
For the hero of men of all classes,
For you, Frank Merriwell, the wizard.

Once more for Dick, Frank's brother,
The boy who will always be trailed,
Because on all things he does not falter,
The fellow who never failed.

And now for Frank Merriwell, junior,
Who is one of the Merriwell flock,
Who always gets there a little sooner—
A chip of the old sturdy block.

I see you have some TIP TOP post cards, and I would be immensely pleased to receive a set of them. Waiting eagerly for the return of both Frank and Dick. I will close, hoping that you will not consider this letter too long to print, and will think it good enough to escape the wastebasket. CLARENCE WELCH.

Olean, N. Y. 209 West Henly Street.

The post cards have been mailed to you. Thank you for your frank letter.

A New Jersey Admirer.

I like TIP TOP because it has such interesting stories. It has helped me to be very fond of good reading. I get the TIP TOP, and often give it to others to read. Please send me the set of six colored post cards with lifelike pictures of the Merriwells. Bartley, N. J. WALTER MORGAN.
We have mailed you the cards.

Thinks We Are Improving.

I have been an ardent reader of TIP TOP for a number of years, and consider it the best weekly of its kind, and think it is improving.

There is something so fascinating about its stories, especially those about Dick and Frank Merriwell, senior.

Glad to read in one of the last issues that we are to hear more of them, also pleased to see the Applause Column on the pages again.

I would be pleased to receive a set of TIP TOP post cards.

Hoping you will pardon the extent of this letter.

Hanover, Ontario, Canada. SIDNEY DANKERT.

Glad you think we are improving. We have mailed you the post cards.

Cigarettes Are Certainly Bad for Your Wind.

PROFESSOR FOURMEN: Seeing you were back in TIP TOP, I thought I would write and ask you a few questions. I belong to the Y. M. C. A. in my city, and to an ath-

letic club. I play baseball, but cannot hit the ball very well. How can I remedy that?

I also play basket ball, but get winded very early in the game. This is the same with running. I cannot run any distance. How can I improve my wind?

Is smoking cigarettes harmful, and would you advise me to drink coffee with my meals, or milk and water?

After playing basket ball or taking any kind of exercise, what kind of shower should I take—cold or hot?

What kind of a game is soccer? Is it as good as football, and what time of the year is it played.

Hoping you will answer my questions, and thanking you in advance. W. O. K.

Rochester, N. Y.

Practice hitting. *Keep your eye on the ball.* Don't try to "swat." Those are a few suggestions, but ordinarily to learn to bat, one must be under the personal supervision of a coach.

Smoking is the worst thing you can do to injure your wind. Stop it, then see how your wind will improve.

As long as you get a warm reaction, and do not feel weak after you bath, but refreshed, take it cold.

There is no best game. Some like one, some another. Soccer is a cracking good game, and can be played any time that the ground will permit.

American College Yells.

There have been so many requests for us to reprint a list of college yells printed in TIP TOP several years ago, that we have decided to do so.

The collection—probably the most extensive one ever made—will be presented in three parts—one part appearing each week.

PART I.

Alabama Polytechnic Institute: "Ki-yi-yi! Ki-yi-yi! Hoop-la-hi! Auburn! Auburn! A-P-I!"

Albion: "A-I'-b-i'-o-n', Bis Boom Bah, Albion, Rah! Rah! Rah!"

Alma: "Hip, hi, hoo, ray, ALMA, Rah-a-ah!"

Amherst: "Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Amherst!"

Armour Institute Technology: "Arch, Mech, Cic, Elec, Rah, Rah, Armour Tech!"

Augustana: "Rocky-eye, Rocky-eye, Zip zum zie, Shingera, Shingera, Bim Bum Bie, Zipzum zipzum, Rah! Rah! Rah! Karaborra, Karaborra, Augustana!"

Baker University: "B. U.! Rah, Rah! (repeat) Hoorah! Hoorah! Baker! taker! Rah! Rah! Rah!"

Baldwin University: "U rah rah, U rah rah, U rah rah, tiger!"

Bates: "B-A-T-E-S—Rah Rah Rah! Boom-a-laka, Boom-a-laka, Boom, Bates, Boom!"

Baylor University: "B! B! B-A-Y! L! L! L-O-R! U! U! U-NI-V! V! VAR-SI-TY! Baylor! Baylor!"

Beloit: "Oh-aye, yoh-yoh-yoh-Be-loit! B-e-l-o-i-t—Rah-Rah-Rah!"

Berea: "Rah, Rah, Rah, sis boom bah, Cream and Blue, Be-re-a!"

Bethany (Kan.): "Rockar, Stockar, Thor och hans bockar, Kör i genom, kör i genom, tjo, tjo, Bethania!"

Boston University: "Boston, Boston, B-B-B-Boston, 'Varsity, 'Varsity, Rah! Rah! Rah!"

Bowdoin: "B-o-w-d-o-i-n, Rah, Rah, Rah! (three times) Bowdoin!"

Brigham Young: "Rah Ry B Y, Rah Ry B Y, Rah Ry Re, B. Y. C.!"

Brown University: "Brunonia! Brunonia! Brunonia! (Siren ---) B-R-O-W-N—Brown! Brown! Brown!"

Buchtel: "Hoo, Rale, Rale Roo! Wa hoo, Wa hoo! Hullaballo, hullaballo! Rah Rah Rale, Buchtel, Buchtel, Buchtel! ye ho! ye Heza, Hiza, Ho ho! Rah, Rah, Rah, Buchtel!"

Bucknell University: "Bucknell-el-el! Bucknell-el-el! Give-er-el, Bucknell! Give-er-el, Bucknell! Ray! Ray! Ray!"

Case School Applied Sciences: "Hoo! Rah! Ki! Rah! S-C-I-E-N-C-E! Hoi! Hoi! Rah! Rah! Case!"

Cedarville: "Razzle dazzle, never frazzle, not a thread but wool! All together! All together! That's the way we pull! Cedarville!!!"

Central University of Kentucky: "Razzle dazzle, razzle dazzle! Sis, boom! Ah! Central University, Rah! Rah! Rah!"

Clafin University: "Rah! Rah! Rah! Claf-lin-ia!"

Colgate University: "Colgate, Colgate, Rah (nine times), Colgate!"

College of the City of New York: "'Rah, 'Rah, 'Rah, C. C. N. Y.!"

Colorado: "Pike's Peak or Bust! Pike's Peak or Bust! Colorado College! Yell we must!"

Columbia University: "'Ray 'Ray 'Ray C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a!"

Cornell College: "Zipp, Ziss, Boom, Caw-w, Caw-w-nell; C. C. Tiger-la, Zipp Zipp Hurrah!!!"

Cornell University: "Cornell! I Yell Yell Yell! Cornell!"

Cotner University: "Cotner, Cotner, the Cotner University—Don't you see!"

Creighton: "C. U. C. U. Rah, Rah, Creighton, Creighton, Omaha!"

Cumberland University: "Wang! bang! siz! boom! bah! Cumberland, Cumberland! Rah! Rah! Rah!"

Dakota Wesleyan University: "Ha! Ho! Whee! Ki! Yi! Ye! D. U. Varsity Zip Boom! Rah! Rah! Rah!"

Dartmouth: "Wah hoo wah! wah hoo wah! da-di-di, Dartmouth! wah hoo wah!"

Davidson: "Hac-a-lac-a boom-a-lak, Hac-a-lac-a red and black, Hello-bulue-lo-le-la-run, Davidson!"

Delaware: "D-E-L-aware, Siss-Boom-Tiger-Rah! Rah! Rah!"

Denison University: "Heike! Heike! Rah, rah, rah, hoorah, hoorah, Denison! Denison!"

De Pauw University: "Zip, Rah, Who! D-P-U! Rip, Saw! Boom! Baw! Bully for old De Pauw!"

Dickinson: "Hip-rah-bus-bis—Dickinson—Sis—Tiger!"

Drake University: "Rah! (ten times) Hoo rah! Hoo rah! Drake! Drake! Drake!"

Drury: "Rah Rah Rah Rah Rah! Drury!"

Earlham: "Rah, rah, Quaker! Quaker! E! C! Quaker! Quaker! Quaker! Hoorah! Hoorah! Quaker! Rah! Rah!"

Fairmount: "Ki yi yi, Sis Boom Bah, Fairmount, Fairmount! Rah! Rah! Rah!"

Fisk University: "Clickety! Clackety! Sis! Boom! Bah! Fisk University! Rah! Rah! Rah!"

Fort Worth University: "Rip! Rah! Ru! The Gold and the Blue! Fort Worth U.!"

Franklin and Marshall: "Hullabaloo, bala! (twice) Way-up, Way-up! F. and M! Nevonla!"

Georgetown University (D. C.): "Hoya! Loya! Saxa! Hoya! Loya! Georgetown Hoya, Loya! Rah, Rah, Rah!"

George Washington University: "G-E-O-R-G-E—George! Washington! Washington! Washington!"

Grant University: "G. U., Rah, Rah, G. U., Rah, Rah, Whoorah, Whoorah, Rah, Rah, Grant!"

Grove City: "With a vivo, with a vivo, with vum vum, vum! Vum get a rat trap bigger than a cat trap! Vum get a cat trap bigger than a rat trap! cannibal, cannibal, siss-s! boom!! rah!!! Grove City College! Rah! Rah! Rah!!!"

Gustavus Adolphus: "Hip, Hah, Rip, Rah, Thez-Zah! Z-i-p! Boom G. A. R.!"

Hamilton: "Rah! Rah! Hamilton! Road! Road! Road!"

Hamline University: "Boom get a rat trap! Bigger than a cat trap! Boom get a rat trap! Bigger than a cat trap! Boom! Cannibal! Cannibal! Zip! Boom! Bah! Hamline! Hamline! Rah! Rah! Rah!"

Harvard University: "Rah rah rah! rah rah rah! rah rah rah—Harvard!"

Heidelberg University: "Kili-kilik! Rah, rah! Zit, zit! Ha! Ha! Yai! Hoo! Bam! Zoo! Heidelberg!"

Hillsdale: "Rha-hoo-rah Zip boom bah Hipzoo rhu zoo wah-hoo-wah Hillsdale!"

Hiram: "Brekekex! Koax! Koax! Brekekex! Koax! Koax! Alala! Alala! Siss-s! Boom-Hiram!"

Hobart: "Hip! ho! bart! Hip! ho! bart! Hip ho! Hip ho! Hip ho! Hip—Hobart!"

Holy Cross: "Hoi-ah! hoi-ah! hoi-ah! chu, chu, rah, rah, chu, chu, rah, rah, Hoi-ah! Holy Cross! Rah!"

Howard University: "Rah, rah, rah! Howard, Howard! Rah! Rah! Re!"

Illinois: "Rah who rah Boom a la ka, kick-a-rick-a-roi, Old Illinois, Boom zip boom, Tiger-zah!"

Illinois Wesleyan University: "Rah! Rah! Wesleyan!"

Indiana University: "Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Indiana!"

Iowa College: "Grinnell, we yell, Grinnell we yell, Iowa College, Grinnell, Grinnell!"

Iowa State College: "A-M-E-S! Rah! Ra! Rah! Ra! A-M-E-S! Rah! Ra! Rah! Ra! Hoo Rah! Hoo Ray! State College! I-O-A!"

Iowa Wesleyan University: "Rah, rah, rah! zip boom bah! Razoo razoo-Johnny blow your bazoo-Rip ziddy-i-lu-uv-i-We-e-e-es leyan!"

Jacob Tome Institute: "Rah (nine times) Tome, Tome, Tome!"

Spends \$24.40 on Phone Call to Girl.

A young man who said he was Douglas Whitaker, of Winthrop, Mass., entered a telephone booth in a hotel, at Newark, N. J., got his home town on the wire, and talked for an hour and two minutes to a girl in that place. The toll charges were \$24.40. He did not have enough money to pay the bill.

Football Rules for 1914.

Coaches will not be permitted to walk the side lines during football games during the coming season, as a result of a change in the rules adopted recently by the intercollegiate football rules committee, in their meeting at the Hotel Martinique, Manhattan. The annual meeting of the committee adjourned without making any radical changes in the existing rules.

The proposal that after teams have lined up for play, the team in possession of the ball will not be allowed to encroach on the neutral zone in shift plays, before the ball is snapped, was also adopted. The question of num-

bering players was only informally discussed, it was declared. No final action will be taken until after further experiments are made next fall.

The proposed change in the rules to provide for an additional official, suggested by Walter Camp, was adopted in providing that any team shall have the right to have a fourth official, who shall be known as a field judge. His duty will be to assist the referee and umpire. The naming of such an official is optional.

The committee also adopted a rule providing that any free kick striking the goal posts and bounding back into play shall count as having scored.

W. S. Langford, W. N. Mauriss, and Nathan Tufts were named as a "consultation committee" to act in coöperation with the central board. This board now consists of Doctor J. H. Babbit, Walter Camp, C. W. Savage, Parke H. Davis, E. K. Hall, Percy Haughton, H. S. Cope, and Alonzo A. Stagg.

Rabbit Sausage in Texas.

Since Texas quit paying bounty for the killing of "mule-ear" rabbits they have become very numerous, to the detriment of growing crops. It has recently been found that they made a good food product, and, it is said, will greatly cheapen the cost of living.

A full-grown rabbit will dress about five pounds. The meat trimmed off of the bones and a pound of fresh pork added to five to seven pounds of rabbit ground together through a sausage mill, seasoned with salt, red and black pepper, and sage, it is claimed, will make a sausage superior to pure pork sausage.

A syndicate is planning to establish a plant at Llano, Texas, for the manufacture of rabbit sausage and to grind the bones into chicken feed. It is said the plant will be sufficient to consume all the rabbits in Texas, and thus the rabbit question will be solved.

One Big Miners' Union Next.

At the national convention of the United Mine Workers the proposal to consolidate that organization with the Western Federation of Miners, as advocated by President Moyer, of the latter organization, was approved and the executive committee was authorized to appoint a committee to meet a similar committee from the Western Federation to arrange the terms of union, submit the same to a referendum and report to the convention next year. Moyer charged that President Gompers, of the Federation of Labor, had not given proper support to the striking miners in Michigan, and Gompers appeared before the convention and denied the charge.

Big Game Coming Back.

Elk have been found in the Uinta national forest, Utah, for the first time in many years. Since they are not from shipments from the Jackson Hole country to neighboring forests, the State and Federal officials are gratified at this apparent increase in big game as the result of protection.

Red Sox Have Four Southpaws.

Four left-handed pitchers are now on the roster of the Boston Red Sox of the American League. John Radloff, of South Chicago, completes the quartet. Radloff's release was bought from the Manistee club of the Michigan State League on the recommendation of Patsy Donovan,

a scout. Collins, Leonard, and Coumbe, the latter from the Utica club of the New York State League, are the other left-handers.

Man Buried by Avalanche.

Eli Marfhi, a miner, 35 years old, of Butte, Mont., was buried by an avalanche so that he stood upright in five feet of snow and was held a prisoner for forty-eight hours. When he was found by a party of miners, who saw his head sticking above the snow, he was unconscious, and had a double fracture in his right leg and two breaks in his left arm. He was not frozen.

Won \$10 With a \$3 Bill.

A man walked into one of the leading cafés in Middletown, N. Y., and asked the bartender to give him change for a three-dollar bill. The latter started to count out the change, then stopped and thought a moment.

"G'wan, there's no such thing as a three-dollar bill," he remarked. The man who wanted the change insisted that there was, and the bartender bet him \$10 there was not. Thereupon the visitor produced a three-dollar bill.

It was a bill issued January 1, 1852, by the Bank of North America, of Seymour, Conn., which the man had found in the siding of a house to which he was making repairs. The old bank note was signed by F. Atwater, cashier, and G. F. Dewitt, treasurer.

Parcel-post Extension.

A ruling of the postmaster general, recently approved by the interstate commission, increases the weight limits of parcel-post packages, in the first and second zones, from 20 to 50 pounds; admits books to the parcel post, and reduces rates in the other zones materially. The maximum weight for parcels in all zones beyond the second was increased from 11 to 20 pounds. From the already published rates the reductions are as follows: In the third and fourth zones, 1 cent on the first pound and 3 cents less on each additional pound; in the fifth and sixth zones, 1 cent less on each pound sent. Parcels containing books weighing 8 ounces or less will be carried anywhere for 1 cent for each 2 ounces, and on those weighing more than 8 ounces, the parcel-post rate for the zone will apply.

Radium Fails to Ward Off Death.

Congressman Robert G. Bremner, of New Jersey, who had the entire supply of radium possessed by Doctor Howard A. Kelly, valued at \$100,000 placed in a cancer last December, died. Only the indomitable will of the Congressman kept him alive for such a long period. When told that he was near death he said to his brother: "Get me my shoes. I am going to leave this place with you. I want to get to work."

House Agrees to Bar All Asiatics.

The Administration is seriously disturbed over the action of the House of Representatives in incorporating an amendment, fathered by Representative Lenroot, in the Burnett immigration bill, excluding all Asiatics, including Japanese, from the United States, except in so far as they have rights under existing treaties or agreements.

While the vote is subject to change when the bill comes up for final passage, President Wilson and his subordinates are gravely concerned over the prominence given to the exclusion question at this juncture in the diplomatic

negotiations now in progress between Japan and the United States. Fear was expressed that if the House should stand firm on the amendment the result might be a further irritation in Japan and new outbreaks of the anti-American feeling in the island empire.

The report was adopted following the rejection of an amendment offered by Representative Hayes, of California, excluding Japanese, Hindus, and also all blacks without regard to treaty obligations with any country.

Auto Wheel Wrecks House; Causes Fire.

The wheel of a large automobile going about a mile a minute broke from the car and went through the pantry window in Mrs. Isabella Seymour's home, at South Norwalk, Conn., sending the dishes in all directions. Then it entered the kitchen and knocked the stove to pieces and set the house on fire.

The wheel weighed over 100 pounds. The automobile careened to the side of the road, but the driver escaped serious injury.

Dies After Living Twenty Years on Cheap Diet.

Mark M. Woods, a farmer philosopher, of Webster, Mass., who has existed for the past twenty years on four cents a day, is dead at the age of 75 years. Death was caused by chronic bronchitis. Woods, in the face of increased living cost, continued to show the public year after year, that it was possible to survive on an amount of money that seemed incredible.

Hiccoughs for Two Months.

Since it became known that physicians are unable to relieve Hilda Caine, 11 years old, who had had spells of hiccoughing every day for two months, scores of suggestions to help her have been mailed to Sea Cliff, N. Y., the child's home, but so far none has proved effective. Some of the seizures, which occur several times each day, last an hour or more. It is said the girl cannot live long unless she gets relief soon.

Closing Gas Wells.

A gas well in Louisiana that had run wild for six years and had been wasting from 10,000,000 to 20,000,000 cubic feet of gas a day during that period was successfully closed recently by a method that is probably unique in the history of the gas industry. A relief well was first bored close to the old well, and to the same depth. Water and mud were forced down the relief well under heavy air pressure until the gas stratum was choked and the flow of gas shut off. The old well, which had made a crater 225 feet in diameter and 50 feet deep, was then permanently closed with concrete.

University Bars Boy Slayer.

Chancellor Samuel Avery, of the University of Nebraska, announced that Kenneth Murphy, 21 years old, serving a life sentence for murder in Nebraska penitentiary at Lincoln, Neb., who was paroled by Governor Morehead to enter the State university, cannot register in the institution because of his criminal record.

Sells Rare Stamp for \$390.

H. C. Watts, of Estill Springs, Tenn., recently sold a postage stamp for \$390. It was a Philippine stamp, which he obtained while in those islands a few years ago,

and is known as an "Inverted Surcharge." The word "Philippine" is printed upside down. It is thought to be the only Philippine stamp of its kind in existence.

Two Weddings Cause Mix-up.

Through two marriages, at St. Johns, Mich., a father becomes the brother-in-law of his daughter; a sister becomes the mother-in-law of her brother; one man's father-in-law becomes his brother-in-law, and a woman's sister-in-law becomes her stepmother. Charles Jones married Miss Emma E. Ellwanger, of De Witt. A few weeks ago her brother, William Ellwanger, married Jones' daughter, Miss Cora Jones.

Trying to Photograph Bullets as They Whiz.

A bullet speeding at a rate of 3,000 feet a second, which is more than 2,000 miles an hour, makes a great disturbance in the atmosphere and creates air waves which, of course, are invisible to the naked eye. Attempts which have been made to take photographs of bullets going at this speed have been unsuccessful, but scientists are still trying. If a photograph could be taken, they say, the print would probably show a space like a body of water marked by what looked like speeding water bugs, each having a ripple in its wake.

Photographs of a bullet going at a rate of speed less than 1,200 feet a second show no air waves at all. But anything cutting through the air at a greater rate than this causes much disturbance. If you draw a stick through the water it causes little eddies and waves to trail behind it. The faster you draw the stick the more waves and wider the angle it will leave. Just so with the bullet.

"Saved" Slayer; Sue for Pay.

Two Boston surgeons, Doctor John L. Ames and Doctor Davis D. Brough, want pay for their services in saving the life of Clarence V. T. Richeson, that he might die in the electric chair for the murder of Avis Linnell. The surgeons have filed suit against the estate of Fred H. Seavey, who was sheriff at the time Richeson mutilated himself, and the doctors were called in. This is the second attempt to collect the bill which totals \$710.

Saves Girl, Loses Own Life.

Louis Levine, a young salesman, of New York, died a hero from injuries received in saving the life of his sweetheart, 19-year-old Jessie Orlain.

Miss Orlain, Levine, and two companions were returning from the home of a friend, when the girl suddenly ran ahead to cross a car track. Midway of the street the sound of the gong of an approaching car alarmed her and she stopped, too terrorized to move. Levine rushed toward her and pushed her out of danger with such force that she fell on her face, breaking her nose. The car caught Levine.

Spineless Youth Able to Work in the Fields.

Living and even working, although his spine has been removed, is the remarkable experience of William Banks, 18 years old, who lives in the southern part of Chester County, Pa. The young man labors in the fields every day, and despite his handicap he can do as much work as his fellow workmen.

His spine was removed by Philadelphia surgeons, when

tuberculosis developed following an injury. It was declared he would never be able to walk. For many months he lay incased in a plaster cast. He was taken to the home of his foster mother, Mrs. Veranda Lee, and was nursed back to good health. His body is wrapped in ten yards of bandages each day.

The Divining Rod.

Although the divining rod as a locator of underground water for springs and wells has been denounced as a fake by Federal authorities, and is not given the most implicit confidence even in remote rural communities of the United States experiments in German South Africa have located water at subterranean depth in 70 per cent of the tests.

The department of agriculture of the French republic is seriously investigating the divining rod, and an association having five hundred members in Stuttgart, Germany, has begun laborious tests to determine its real value.

French publicists and scientists have taken up the personal-magnetism phase of the question. It is held by some that considering the surprising discoveries of late in regard to radiation of all sorts, it may be that there is some radioactive influence of underground waters which may act physiologically on the organism of the person in whose hand the rod seems to turn toward the subterranean water.

An effort will be made to differentiate between any alleged diviner's sincerity and real physical effect from charlatanism and autosuggestion.

Wolf Shot in Kansas City.

A large, half-starved gray wolf after attacking three persons and spreading consternation through a staid residence district, was shot and killed on Linwood Boulevard, at Kansas City, recently.

The wolf sprang at Miss Anna Harrison as she waited for a street car. Miss Harrison threw her fur muff at the animal, and while the garment was being torn to pieces, escaped into a house. Her clothing was torn, but she was unhurt.

The wolf ran down the boulevard pursued by a milkman who hurled bottles as he ran. Two blocks from the first attack the wolf bit a negro in the arm.

The wolf had run fifteen blocks and attacked Samuel J. Harnden, a deputy county collector, before T. W. Wright, a policeman, ended the chase by sending a bullet into the animal's head.

After Twenty-seven Years Boxers Make Up.

Jack McAuliffe, the old lightweight, has become reconciled to Jem Carney, to whom he has not spoken since their famous five-hour battle at Revere Beach, Mass., November 17, 1887. Carney always felt he should have received the verdict.

Noise Silencer.

Our modern day, half-crazed by the uproar that its own activities have brought about, will welcome the soft pedal that Sir Hiram Maxim, inventor of the gun silencer, is preparing to put on the hubbub in which every great urban community has condemned itself to live.

Everything has to be paid for, in one shape or another, and too many of our present aids, appliances, and conveniences pay for themselves in noise. Both the conscious

and the subconscious organisms suffer, knowingly or unknowingly, and no relief has been promised.

The Anglo-American inventor proposes to better such conditions by making the individual immune, so far as auricular addresses are concerned. A simple electrical appliance will turn any office or bedroom into a zone of quiet. The noise will go on, but will not reach your ear, and sounds, the waves of which fail to reach the eardrum, are nonexistent—for that particular ear.

The new invention will soon be tried in the wards of a New York hospital. As soon as possible let it be introduced into the noisy regions of offices, stores, and factories. Thus may the number of hospital patients become appreciably reduced.

Purse Shot from Thief's Hand.

Two men attacked Mrs. Peter Sensmeir, of Evansville, Ind., late at night, grabbed her purse, and started to run. Patrolman Withers, who happened by, shot the purse from the hand of one of the men as he ran up an alley, and it was recovered.

Girl Ropes Coyote.

Miss Nancy Anderson, 19 years old, the pretty daughter of an old-time ranchman living in the Alahab oil fields, near Hazlehurst, Miss., knows how to ride a pony and is an expert in twirling the rope. That is why she has been paid a bounty for killing a coyote, the first one seen in this part of the country for a long time.

Miss Anderson was out for a morning's ride when she encountered the coyote. She put spurs to her pony, made a big loop of her lariat, and gave chase. The first throw was successful and she dragged the coyote until she found a large rock, with which she killed it. Besides the bounty she received she was given \$2 for the hide by a curio dealer.

He is Rat-killing Champion.

"Uncle" Jack Hart, of Ayden, N. C., claims he is the champion rat killer of the State. With the aid of a wire trap, and a dog he killed an even thousand of the rodents last year. He has killed in the neighborhood of 10,000 in the past fifteen years. He will kill rats in any house at the rate of 5 cents each.

Man-trap Victim Recovers.

James C. Gunn, first lieutenant in the United States army, who became paralyzed, following an injury he received in a man trap in the Philippine Islands, has recovered and is on his way to the Orient again. A spear, with which the trap was armed, severed Gunn's sciatic nerve, paralyzing him. The nerve was spliced at a San Francisco hospital, and the man was cured.



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